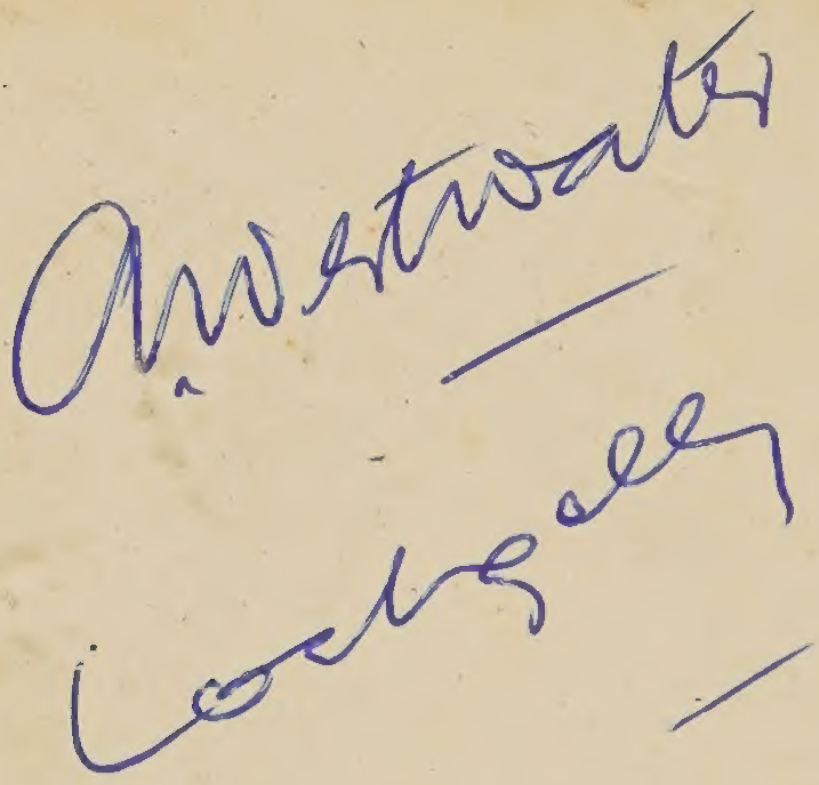
RANDOM RHYMES

BY

JOHN PINDAR



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BY

JOHN PINDAR

(PETER LESLIE)

LOCHGELLY, FIFE

EDITED

BY

Rev. A. M. HOUSTON, B.D.

MINISTER OF AUCHTERDERRAN

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JOHN PINDAR (PETER LESLIE)

Preface

John Pindar (Peter Leslie), the author of these "Random Rhymes," which are now given to the public in a more permanent form than the columns of the **Fife News** *and other weeklies, was born at Glenvale, in "the Kingdom of Fife," about the year 1836. His parents were poor. With a scanty education, he was sent to the pits at the early age of nine. There he remained in dark, dreary drudgery till his twenty-third year, when he enlisted in a regiment of Fusiliers. Many of the poems were written during his military experiences, so full of poetic incident and so plentiful of romantic adventure.*

Since this volume is published as a companion to his **Autobiography of a Private Soldier,** *it is unnecessary to say more here save to refer the reader to that interesting story of his life. After many years of loyal service for beloved Britain, Pindar retired. He still lives hale and hearty at Lochgelly, a flourish-*

ing burgh in the parish of Auchterderran, Fife. His scanty pension of one shilling a-day, after deducting the rent of his classic garret, barely keeps soul and body intact. Unfortunately, as the result of an accident, he is unable for labour of a manual kind, though he was some time ago appointed hall-keeper to the Volunteer Hall, Lochgelly; but his income from that source is very modest; so that purchasers of this volume, who love the classic muse, will not only become his patrons, but helpers of a worthy and now disabled son of Mars.

The Poet has many friends, whose presence by times in the garret sets his genial face ablaze. It is quite a treat to spend an hour with him, to hear him con his favourite lays, and once more recall to mind the memories of martial prowess. In the hope that this genial feeling may be preserved, these poems are now arranged in collected form, and the old Poet expresses the wish that he and his readers may be long spared to enjoy one another's companionship in life.

THE EDITOR.

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MY AULD CRONIES.

(Air—"Nae luck aboot the house.")

DRAW in your seats, my canty frien's,
Aroun' my bright hearthstane,
An' I will sing a verse or twa
Aboot the days noo gane.
My loving frien's, we've wander'd far,
An' felt life's chequered lot,
Since we played at the Nuck o' Hedge
An' built dams at the Ghut.

Chorus—

Oh, childhood's days were happy days,
When we were young and free,
An' pu'in' flowers on Laurie's braes
Wi' hearts a' fu' o' glee.

Those happy days, noo past an' gane,
We never can forget,
Our bright young hearts enjoyed then
A swing on Donald's yett.

I'm sure you mind the little school
Ance kept by Johnnie Glass—
We stealt his tawse to mend the haims
O' Nealie's cuddy ass.

In yon glorious, happy days,
Gude fun was never wantin'—
You mind we played at hide an' seek
In Harry Chisim's plantin'.
I'm sure ye mind the Roondel, too,
Where you, my cronies three,
Were won't to pu' the berries red
An' dauky on the tree.

I'm sure you mind the Singin' E'en',
When for our cakes we went,
Wi' our new shoon an' daidlies clean,
Through a' the toons we kent.
Ae Singin' E'en', I mind it well,
When I was heavy laden
Wi' singin' cakes—when doon I fell
In Sandy Cheaplin's middin.

Since then I've roved through distant climes,
Beyont the stormy seas ;
But ne'er forgot the joyous times
When chasin' butterflees.
Excuse me noo, my dear auld frien's,
Although a tear may fa' ;
Ye ken we'll ne'er see days again
Like those noo far awa'.

JEANIE ROY.

THE sangs o' birds are heard again,
An' Nature's face is fair,
The gowans blink upon the plain,
An' balmy is the air.
Love fills my soul—I canna tell
The pleasures I enjoy
When wandering through Pitcairn dell
Wi' bonny Jeanie Roy.

To shady nooks in that calm grove
At gloamin' I repair,
To tell my tale o' melting love
To my sweet lassie there.
Wealth's haughty look an' proud disdain
My peace can ne'er destroy
While to my bosom I can strain
My lovely Jeanie Roy.

Love rules the camp, the court, the grove—
Scott sang in accents fine ;
An' I ha'e found a sweet, pure love
Can mak' my life sublime.
I sun mysel' in love's bright clime,
I've bliss without alloy ;
For noo the bonny lassie's mine—
My charming Jeanie Roy.

THE COLLIER LADDIE.

THE wee bit collier laddie
Maun rise at early day,
And to the gloomy coal-pit
Wend his lonely way ;
Far frae Nature's beauties,
Doon in his cavern dark,
He canna see the blooming flowers,
Nor hear the morning lark.

Though he works unknown to fame,
Doon in his dungeon grim ;
The machinery o' the world
Is kept wagging on by him.
Commerce wud fail and languish,
The arts and science, too,
If it werena for the arduous work
The collier laddies do.

He warms the king upon the throne,
The peasant in his cot ;
And yet how dark and cheerless
Is his humble, chequered lot.
When the sun is shining clear,
Oh, do remember him !
Nature's sangs he canna hear,
Where a' is dark an' dim.

OUR BROTHERS.

OUR Brothers roam in distant lands
Far ower the rollin' sea ;
They're far awa' where palm trees wave
Ower India's sunny lea—
But though they roam where bonny flowers
Perfume the orient plain,
We hope wi' them to spen' bright hours
In oor dear hame again.

Our hearts were gloomy, sad, an' lane,
When they left hame langsyne,
But still we'll sing they're no' to blame,
Though sodgers in the line.
'Twas love for our kind-hearted Queen
Which made them cross the main ;
Cheer up, they'll tread the dewy green
In oor dear land again.

When faint an' weary on the braes
Where tigers nightly roar,
They'll often think on happy days
Spent near the winding Orr.
To see their sweet parental hame
Nae doot their hearts are fain,
An' sit beside the auld hearthstane
In oor dear land again.

Keep up your heart, oh ! mother dear,
An' dinna greet nae mair—
Hope for the best, come dry the tear,
It's needless to despair.
Just trust in Him wha brought to life
The widow's son at Nain—
For He alone can bring to Fife
Oor Brothers hame again.

MY AULD SWEETHEARTS.

I MIND when I was a young man
Some thirty years ago,
My heart was like a simmer day,
Without a shade of woe.
The gladsome days o' auld langsyne
Come never back again ;
The present has owre muckle grief,
The past not much of pain.

But wi' the bonnie lassies dear,
I've spent delicious hours ;
The world wud be dark an' drear
Without the blooming flowers.
I'll ne'er forget sweet Bella Gray,
An lovely Mary Swan,
An' smiling Jane, wha cheered my heart
Ere sodger days began.

An' when I roamed through Erin's Isle,
My heart was ne'er forlorn ;
For then I busk'd in the bright smile
O' little Bridget Horne.
In Erin's land I always had
Some soul-entrancin' thief
To steal my heart, like Mary Quin,
Or blue-eyed Nell O'Keeffe.

An' when afar, in other lands—
In Malta's sunny clime,
I had my Teenie Gammie there
An' rosy Caroline.
Oh, some o' those dear lassies now
Are silent in the grave ;
An' some, I ken, are, like mysel',
Still battling on life's wave.

Now a' the sweethearts I can get
(But this I shou'dna tell)
Are auld, an' frail, an' toothless—
Just something like mysel'.
I've often been invited in
Wi' some auld maid to dine ;
But that is when I ha'e the tin,
Aboot the pension time.

I little thought in life's young days,
When wi' the lassies roamin',
That I wud miss their cheery smile
To bless life's cheerless gloamin'.
I feel auld age now coming fast,
An' early friends are gane ;
While I maun shelter frae the blast
At a bachelor's hearthstane.

BELLA O' THE MANSE.

THERE'S mony laddies in the toon
Wha look asklent at me,
Because they canna get a blink
O' my sweet lassie's e'e.
But let them jibe, an' scoff, an' jeer,
The claim that I advance
Is that I ha'e a heart sincere
For Bella o' the Manse.

Her laughing face, an' comely mien,
An' bright, expressive e'e,
Mak's this bonny lassie seem
A world o' love to me.
It's paradise for me on earth
To catch the winnin' glance
That flashes frae the sparklin' e'en
O' Bella o' the Manse.

Nae standing at the corners wi'
The frivolous laddies gay,
She kens that she's a servant lass,
An' mistress maun obey.
An', then, she disna waste her time
Wi' novel or romance;
I'll maybe yet can ca' her mine—
Sweet Bella o' the Manse.

She disna rin in foolish ways,
  Like lassies that I ken ;
She kens a modest, virtuous life
  Will aye attract guid men.
An' seldom is she ever seen
  At concert, ball, or dance ;
Within my soul she reigns a queen—
  Sweet Bella o' the Manse.

To win her pure an' guileless heart
  I'd roam this warld thro',
For then I'd ha'e a sterling part
  O' female nature true.
Awa', ye vacant-minded men,
  Ye'll never ha'e a chance
To steal awa' my winsome hen—
  Sweet Bella o' the Manse.

CLUNE'S GREEN BRAES.

I'VE mused by Erin's tranquil rills,
An' climbed sweet England's flowery hills,
An' foreign lands I've wandered through,
Sin' last, dear maid, I gazed on you.
But during a' the years that's gane,
I've thought on thee in our Scotch hame—
Through troubled paths an' chequered ways,
I ne'er forgot Clune's smiling braes.

Mony Cashmerion maids I've seen,
Wi' comely forms an' sparkling e'en ;
But light as fairies though they be,
They cudna win a smile frae me.
Let foreign dames be sweet an' braw,
There's nane like her that's far awa' ;
In fancy now my soul surveys
My bonny lass on Clune's green braes.

At lonely night I wander here,
When stars are peeping bright an' clear,
And let my thoughts roam far away
To blissful scenes o' life's young day,
Where ance I roamed, dear Nell, wi' you,
And found thy heart both kind an' true—
But, oh ! a few mair fleeting days
May bring me hame to Clune's green braes.

Can I forget the maid I prest
So gently to my beating breast?
  Can I forget the roving eyes
  That beamed on me 'neath Fifian skies?
An' lang may those bright eyes o' thine
In oor dear hame upon me shine;
  Soon may I busk in their sweet rays,
  When I come hame to Clune's green braes!

Ofttimes I wander here forlorn,
Pondering o'er life's early morn—
  The joyous days when we were young,
  Wi' truth an' love in ilka tongue.
My lovely Nell, you've been to me
A beacon on life's stormy sea;
  Thy words, so sweet, my spirits raise,
  Though far frae thee an' Clune's green braes.

THE KIRK O' AUCHTERDERRAN.

(Air—"The Auld Hoose.")

THE dear auld kirk, I lo'e it weel,
Where sainted dust repose;
It stands amang the leafy trees,
Near where the burnie flows.
Wavering memory brings to view
The days when, but a bairn,
I toddled wi' my father to
The Kirk o' Auchterderran.

Oh! dear auld kirk, I've wander'd far
Since those unclouded days;
I've gather'd in the ranks o' war
On India's sunny braes.
An' now, when auld, an' frail, an' gray,
I hear the psalms divine
Within the kirk o' life's young day—
The kirk o' auld langsyne.

Oh! dear auld kirk, they've changed thee now,
An' made you fair to see;
But the auld kirk o' other days
Will aye remain wi' me.
I'll ne'er forget our ain auld kirk,
Where oft I sat an' sung
The sweet old psalms in other times
When life an' years were young.

Beneath the shadow o' your dome
My aged parents lie ;
May I wi' them find my last home
Whene'er I come to die.
Why statesmen dare to hurt our kirk
Is what I've yet to learn ;
May God protect an' prosper long
Our Kirk o' Auchterderran.

A RAMBLE ROUND LOCHLEVEN.

(Air—"Erin's Lovely Home.")

'TWAS on a lovely Sunday morn,
In the pleasant month o' May,
When Smith an' long Jock Pindar
Did tak' a walk so gay.
They left Lochgelly's flourishing toon,
Atween eleven an' twal',
An' travelled hard until they came
The length o' Scotland Well.

An' there they halted just a wee,
In Portmoak lone Kirkyaird,
For they were anxious for to see
The graves o' Bruce an' Laird.
Young Bruce, he was a lovely bard,
Sang sweet in days o' yore,
An' classified the sacred soil
Around Lochleven shore.

An' Doctor Laird wrought long an' sair
In Portmoak Parish Church;
An' solemn truths he would declare
To all within his reach.
When they had look'd around an' seen
Ilk place o' worth an' note,
Says Smith to long Jock Pindar—
"We'll go to Milnathort.

"For mony a body I ken there,
Wha'll baith be frank an' kind ;
And bonnie lassies, blooming fair,
We'll get if you're inclined.
All poets love the lassies dear,
An' so does Pindar too ;
So come awa' and never fear,
You'll have no cause to rue."

"Agreed," says long Jock Pindar,
"That toon I wish to see,
Where the lassies smile so bonny
Wi' love an' youthful glee."
They passed through auld Kinnesswood toon,
Upon their cheery way,
Where they saw maids like flowers in June,
That lovely Sabbath day.

Away they went wi' one consent
Right through Balgedie Toll,
And when they cam' to Powmill dam,
And heard the waters roll,
Says Smith to Poet Pindar—
"I am transported clean
Wi' admiration an' wonder,
So lovely is the scene.

"And yonder Burleigh Castle too,
Where many a lord hath been ;
Lochleven clear, within our view,
Where Mary lived, our Queen.

The Standing Stanes of Orwell
We'll see as we pass by ;
And the Auld Kirkyard o' Orwell,
Where sainted dust does lie."

When they arrived in Milnathort,
At three in the afternoon,
They went and called on Mr Scott,
In the centre o' the toon.
There they fell in wi' Mr White,
An' had a friendly dram ;
He gave his gig to them that night,
As they had far to gang.

He went an' put into his gig
A young an' lively horse ;
In a moment they were ower the brig,
An' fleein' through Kinross.
Suffice to state that Smith an' Pate
Got safely hame that night,
And lang may they spend mony a day,
Wi' feelings o' delight.

Now my wee bit sang is o'er,
I've little more to say,
But they have roamed on foreign shore
Since that eventful day.
They've been where big streams wander,
O'er beds of golden sand ;
Yes, Captain Smith and Pindar
Have roamed a foreign land.

Though age and clime ha'e blanched their hair
Since those unclouded days,
They'll ne'er forget, 'midst a' their care,
Lochleven's flowery braes.
Though youthfu' days ha'e pass'd away,
With a' their glories shorn,
They'll ne'er forget that smiling May,
O' their bright early morn.

They've had days dark and dreary
Since round the lake they ran,
Still they are blythe and cheery
When o'er a canty dram.
'Tis strange to think they've come from lands
Where mighty rivers roll,
To meet and drink a glass again
In auld Balgedie Toll.

Long Pindar's in Lochgelly toon,
And ofttimes muses o'er
The days when he did ramble roon'
Lochleven's classic shore ;
While Captain Smith, his croney dear,
Lives in Balgedie Toll,
Where, like a king, he reigns supreme,
And tells his stories droll.

SMILING JUNE.

ANCE mair we greet thee, smiling June,
Wi' feelings o' delight ;
Thou'rt clothed in robes o' flowery bloom,
Most beautiful an' bright.
The lark is in the cloudless sky,
And linties sing in tune,
To welcome, wi' their cheery strains,
The gentle days o' June.

The cowslip an' the heatherbell,
An' lovely fragrant rose,
Wi' a' their sweets, perfume the breeze
That o'er the landscape blows.
Oh, sweet to wander on the hills,
In the calm simmer noon,
Or pensive muse by rippling rills
In bonny days o' June.

The sweet flowers bloom on mead an' hill,
The lily, pure and fair,
Is waving in the morning sun,
An' balmy is the air.
O ! wha wud choose the city's noise,
Its trouble, care, an' gloom,
An' lose the country's tranquil joys,
In the smiling month o' June?

MY FIRST REGIMENT.

I MADE up my mind in the year Fifty-eight
Her Majesty's Service to join ;
I was sworn to protect the Queen and the State
And all her successors in line.
The 5th Fusileers, distinguished old corps,
I joined in the Indian clime ;
The gallant regiment that fought at Cawnpore
So brave in the year Fifty-nine.

Chorus—

I've made a good change from the pick to the gun,
I never was better, my boys ;
I've plenty of fun on the plains of Dum Dum,
To make me sing and rejoice.

I have little cause to regret what I've done,
I never was better before ;
I have got a shako as long as a lum,
With a bonny plume hanging o'er.
I've nearly a dozen of handsome white shirts,
Full-breasted, with buttons so braw ;
Forbye ten new jackets, just come from the wash,
As white as the new-driven snaw.

I've nine pairs o' socks, which a needle ne'er saw,
And long-legged boots, seven pair ;
And the shoemaker's ta'en my measure awa',
To bring me some five or six mair.

I've five pairs of breeks, and six linen sheets,
Just from the mangle now come ;
And at dinner-time I get pumpkin and leeks,
And at night my tea mixed with rum.

And then I have plenty of nice damask towels,
With two pairs of Dundee kid mittens ;
And whene'er I please I can have roasted fowls—
India is full of young chickens.
I have a fine comb, a new razor, and brush ;
And if I want brandy or rum,
I get fifty rupees whenever I wish,
By writing to Bain at Dum Dum.

And I have the pleasure to see foreign places ;
I'm sure I've seen more in a day,
Both men and women, with far blacker faces,
Than e'er cam' from old "Jenny Gray." *
Let them call me at hame a long, foolish fellow,
For crossing the dark rolling sea ;
Hurrah ! my lads, there are few in Lochgelly
Who are happier this moment than me.

Calcutta, 1860.

* A coalpit in Lochgelly where the author wrought in his early days.

THE YOUNG SODGER'S SANG.

'TWAS when the flowers o' the simmer were bonnie,
An' burdies sang sweetly frae ilka green tree,
When I ta'en farewell o' my dear Caledonie,
An' gaed out to India a sodger to be.
I had wrocht i' the pits sin' I was a wee callan',
An' keen, keen I was the big warld to see ;
I've seen noo my folly, an' tears are fast fa'in'
For those I ha'e left in my ain countrie.

I little kent then the hardships o' a sodger—
I had heard that his life was a' glorious and fine ;
But often he's lain on the cauld grun' a lodger,
When marching at night in a far foreign clime.
I often ha'e thought sin' I put on a red coat,
A bonnie blue bannet, wi' plume hangin' o'er,
A waist-belt an' bayonet, although they look gaudy,
Are but a puir change for the claes I ance wore.

Oh, childhood's days o'er my memory rushes—
The sweet, pleasant days nae mair to return—
When I roamed 'mang groves o' bonny broom bushes,
An' pu'd the gowans on the banks o' the burn,
'Twas then I was happy, blythsome, an' cheery—
In life's early morn nae sorrows kent I ;
But noo my life is aye stern an' dreary,
Though beauteous an' bright is the Indian sky.

Beloved Caledonie, dear land o' my childhood,
Thou glorious land o' the brave an' the free,
Often I wander'd thy glens an' sweet wildwood,
An' sported wi' lassies upon the green lea ;
But those days are gane, never mair to return,
While I, a puir wanderer, bound noo to roam
Far frae companions, which mak's me to mourn
An' sigh for the joys o' my dear Scottish home.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY, 1891.

SAX score an' twal years now have gane
Since our sweet bard was born ;
And here we've met to praise his name
On this his natal morn.
His fame is spread from pole to pole ;
And every foreign clime
Has read the language of his soul
In strains the most sublime.

Awa' where mighty rivers glide,
Auld Scotia's sons to-day
Are looking hame wi' honest pride
To where he sang his lay.
His has been nae mushroom fame—
It's kent the world through ;
The swarthy maids on India's plain
Can sing his songs so true.

Thousands o' Scottish hearts to-day,
Athwart the foamy brine,
Will cheer their hearts wi' "Scots Wha Hae"
And that sweet sang "Langsyne."
Though we are few, we yield to nane
In a' the country roun'
In admiration o' the bard
Wha sang by bonnie Doon.

Though mony bards we've had wha sang
O' mountain, vale, an' rill—
Like Nicol, Ramsay, Fergusson,
Aird, Hogg, an' Tannahill—
Aboon them a' in beauteous sang
Oor Robin tak's his stand ;
For he's the National Poet o'
Oor glorious native land.

MARY, THE PRIDE O' LOCHGELLY.

SWEET Mary's the pride o' Lochgelly toun,
She is such a winsome wee fairy ;
Although you should search the hale country roun',
You'll no' find a lassie like Mary.
She dresses so neat, so modest and plain,
While ilka thing weel she can handle ;
She disna indulge, like some that I ken,
In auld wives' clashes and scandal.

She works oot-bye in a' kinds o' weather,
I wish I cou'd ca' her my dearie ;
A lassie that's guid an' kind to her mither
Will keep her ain house blyth an' cheerie.
Last hairst, whin she shore on the fields o' Pitcairn,
She earned mair shillings than fifty ;
There's no' a sweet lassie in a' Auchterderran
Mair sensible, bonny, an' thrifty.

Let nobles blaw o' their Norman descent,
Wi' their big names gilded in story ;
I wad rather ha'e Mary, minus a cent,
Than a cor'net o' splendour an' glory.
I'll do a' I can to mak' her my wife,
To love her 's my pleasure an' duty ;
The hills an' howms in the Kingdom o' Fife
Resound wi' the praise o' her beauty.

TO HENRY HUNTER, LOCHGELLY.

NAE mair we'll see the golden days
When ower the hills we ran,
We ne'er thought then o' crooked ways,
That's aye the lot o' man.
In those sweet days, now past an' gane,
Our lives were a' sunshine—
Nae anxious cares in our bright hame
In yon dear days langsyne.

Ye mind, when wandering fu' o' glee,
By Leven's silver stream,
Juvenile days just seemed to be
A long sweet fairy dream.
We toddled then by stream an' glen,
Sweet meadow, vale, an' lea ;
And ofttimes wished that we were men,
The strange world to see.

Those times are passed, those joyous days
Are flown awa' for ever ;
An' we maun face the blasts that blaw
Across life's cheerless river.
We've seen the world an' felt its ills,
Its misery an' pain ;
An' noo we lang for dance an' sang
O' childhood's days again.

Ye sweetly sing o' auld Lochore,
Reminding me o' days
We pu'd the berries, ripe an' red,
Upon the Harny braes.
Though in the land o' bright sunshine,
Oh ! I remember still
Oor early haunts o' auld langsyne
Upon Benarty hill.

Perhaps once more on banks o' Orr
We'll roam at gloamin' gray ;
Or hear the lark that sang so sweet
Wake up the summer day.
I'll maybe hear before it's lang
Thy cheery voice again ;
So I'll conclude my simple sang
Amang the braes o' Spain.

IN MEMORY OF HANNAH THOMSON,

WHO DIED AT LOCHGELLY, 14TH SEPTEMBER 1874, AGED 8 YEARS.

FAIR young child, so sweet an' canny,
We miss thy footsteps at the door ;
Thou art gone, oh, dear wee Hannah,
To yonder bright and better shore.

Now our home is dark and dreary,
Since an angel voice is gone—
A voice once wont to make us cheery,
Singing round our bright hearthstone.

When the shades of night are falling,
We sit and dream, dear child, of thee :
Until we think we hear thee calling—
"Dear father, mother, come to me."

We see thy toys 'round us lying ;
The creepie stool an' little chair
Now are vacant, an' we're sighing—
"Little Hannah sits not there."

But we'll submit wi' chasten'd sorrow—
Thou'rt gone a little while before ;
We'll meet in the land of glory,
Where pain an' grief molest no more.

"Dear mother, hear that angel-voice,
Ringing sweetly in thine ear—
A voice that cries 'Rejoice! rejoice!
Prepare to meet thy Hannah here.'"

Malta, 1874.

THE WIDOW'S LAMENT FOR HER SON,

MYSTERIOUSLY KILLED ON THE RAILWAY, 1884.

MY son, my son, what cruel fate
Hath thus untimely torn
Thee from my soul, while in the bloom
Of manhood's early morn.
No natural death was thine, my son,
And no kind friend was near
To save thy life while in the prime
Of manhood's bright career.

My son, my son, my loving son!
Beloved by one and all;
But death, who visits every one,
Gave thee a sudden call.
Now thou art gone, and left me here
To mourn thy early doom—
To wander forth and shed the tear
Of sorrow on thy tomb.

Loving memory long shall dwell
Around thy cherished name;
'Tis only here a short farewell
Until we meet again.
Thy mysterious death hath left
A vacant seat with me;
But though thou wilt not come again,
I soon will come to thee.

But when my earthly race is run,
And I am freed from woe,
We'll meet again, my darling son,
Where tears have ceased to flow.
My thoughts of thee can ne'er depart
From this lone heart of mine;
I'll hear thy voice until my heart
Be cold and still as thine.

MAGGIE O' LOCHGELLY.

I MIND the days when I was young,
And Maggie's voice was mellow ;
I'll ne'er forget the sangs she sung
Amang the whins so yellow.
Sin' then I've roamed 'neath sunny skies,
Beyond the foamy billow ;
But foreign dames I cudna prize
Like Maggie o' Lochgelly.

I wunder if she minds the days
When to the school we ran,
And sailed our little paper-boats
On Sandy Reekie's dam.
And when refractory we wad be,
Our Schoolmiss, Peggy Broon,
Wad tak' the bauchel frae her foot
And pelt us on the croon.

When thinking o' those cloudless days,
So happy, calm, serene,
I only sigh and mourn now,
And tears start frae my een.
But though I'm wearin' doon the hill,
Some comfort it wad gi'e
To ken that my dear Maggie still
Thocht o' langsyne an' me.

SCOTT'S CENTENARY AT LOCHGELLY, 1871.

LET auld Lochgelly cock her head,
An' sound her bugle horn—
In auld Fifeshire she's ta'en the lead
On our Scott's natal morn.
Her humble name through future time
Shall never be forgot ;
For she has sung in strains sublime
The Centenary o' Scott.

Her wandering sons, a' scattered wide,
O'er mony a distant sea,
Will feel an honest Scottish pride
When they look hame to thee.
My native toon has honoured one—
The best that ever wrote ;
I sang wi' glee, the night I read
Her praise o' Walter Scott.

Rejoice, thou flowery banks o' Clune,
An' droop thy head no more ;
An' sing a sweet, melodious tune,
Thou lovely winding Orr.
The honest fame o' thy dear toon
Has spread to lands remote ;
Henceforth her name is intertwined
Wi' that o' Walter Scott.

Oh, dear Lochgelly, I am proud
A son o' thine to be ;
This body lies in death's cauld shroud
Ere I prove false to thee.
Let black disgrace—eternal shame
Be every Scotchman's lot
Who does not love the honoured name
O' our immortal Scott.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

LOVELY, smiling Autumn morn,
I see my village green ;
hear the burdies on the thorn,
Where beauty rules the scene.
I see young lassies, bright and fair,
A' skippin' o'er the lea,
And thoughtless callan's sportin' here—
But none remember me.

I stand an' view the ancient place—
The place where I was born—
While tears roll down my agëd face,
Now withered an' careworn.
I see the cot where mither dwelt,
Near yonder hoary tree ;
But strangers fill the early hame
That ance remembered me.

Is this my hame o' early days—
The hame I left langsyne?
Are these the glens an' flowery braes
I climbed in youthfu' prime?
Oh, do not laugh though bitter tears
Bedim my weary e'e,
To find the hame o' early years
A foreign land to me.

Ah, me! how swift the years roll by—
The years so bright an' fine;
But now the sun o' youth's clear sky
Is set, nae mair to shine.
Sweet sunshine playeth on the stream,
An' flowers perfume the lea;
But, oh, the past—now like a dream—
Will come nae mair to me.

'Twas here I breathed love's tender tale,
Amang these waving trees,
An' chased alang the heathery vale
The bonnie butterflees.
Since then I've roamed in many lands,
Beyond the rolling sea;
An' now I view the hills again
Where none remember me.

I've seen the grand majestic domes
On India's coral lea,
And wandered thro' her orange shades,
But happy couldna be.
Back to my ain bright Fatherland
My thoughts wad swiftly flee;
An' now, forlorn, here I stand,
Where none remember me.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM BETHUNE.

MY kind auld frien', my dear Bethune,
You leave at last Lochgelly toon ;
Ten fleeting years ha'e worn roon'
Since you an' I
Didst our social friendship croon
'Neath our ain sky.

But though you leave our auld Lochgelly,
You dinna cross the foamy billow ;
You'll always be the same auld fellow
In Largo toon.
I'll see you when the summer's mellow,
An' birds in tune.

How very fast our bark sails doon
The stream o' time, towards the tomb ;
Our fleeting days—oh, very soon,
They move quick by,
Then in the grave's cimmerian gloom
Forgotten lie.

Dear Willie ! in life's chequered scene,
The tear has often dimmed your een ;
The little graves, now smooth and green,
An' still an' cold—
They tell o' sorrow that has been
In your household.

The dear wee bairns gane before
Are safe on yonder shining shore ;
Although a parent's heart feels sore
Their absence here ;
They're home wi' God, an' never more
They'll shed a tear.

Lang may your other lammies be
Spared around a mother's knee—
Grief an' sorrow filled her e'e
For those now gane ;
It was our Father's wise decree
To take them hame.

Nae doubt it fills the soul wi' pain,
An' mak's the tears to flow like rain,
When fell death has untimely ta'en
The sweet green flowers ;
Have faith in God, you'll meet again
In Eden's bowers.

Since domiciled near Largo Bay,
You'll rove the hills in smiling May,
When Largo Law is bright and gay.
In summer-time,
You'll maybe come alang this way
For auld langsyne.

Now twenty years awa' have gane
Since auld Lochgelly was your hame ;
For me, I'll aye be wond'rous fain
To see your face,
An' grasp you by the hand again
In fraternal peace.

Now, my auld frien', may blessings shine
Around you, temporal and divine ;
And though my very uncouth rhyme
Is plainly dressed,
'Tis the genuine feelings o' the min'
That I've expressed.

May happiness, pure love, and peace
Around you flow, as years increase ;
Do your affections always place
On things above :
And God will give you strength, an' grace,
An' peace, an' love.

THE LAST OF HIS REGIMENT.

I'M the last of my Regiment,
Left standing alone—
My gallant companions
Are now dead and gone ;
My gallant young heroes,
So fearless and brave,
Are silent and cold now
In one bloody grave.

Why did I not perish
Along with my corps ?—
But I'm here, broken-hearted,
Its loss to deplore.
No more from the scabbard
My bright sword will shine ;
'Mong the wounded I'll die
On the banks of the Rhine.

Oh, sanguinary warfare,
When wilt thou cease,
And the world enjoy
The blessings of peace.
My heart it is torn
With anguish and pain ;
I am wretched, forlorn—
My heroes are slain.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

"Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now."—*Wordsworth.*

SWEET smiling May, you bring to me
Bright dreams o' early days,
When, free frae care an' fu' o' glee,
I spieled the heathery braes.
The birds that carol in the sky,
The flowers that deck the plain,
Call back the dreams o' days gane bye
That ne'er will come again.

Bright were the dreams o' life's young morn,
No tears bedimmed my e'e;
Robin chantin' on the thorn
No happier was than me.
An' now, when care sits on my brow,
Fond memory does retain
A glimpse o' happy days langsyne
That ne'er will come again.

The verdant meads, the bloomin' vales,
The sunshine bright an' fair,
The music o' the wimpling rills
Come back to me nae mair.

Now sombre feelings fill my soul,
When wearin' doon life's hill;
But yet the spell o' childhood's days
Around me linger still.

Oh, blissful days o' sweet sunshine!
O' fragrant flowers and braes!
Fond memory broods o'er bright langsyne,
Clear streams, and scented leas;
But brighter scenes aboon the sky,
When earthly days are gane—
With a' its beauty, earth to us
Is but a transient hame.

LOCHGELLY BRASS BAND.

BRIGHT, sunny days are coming now—
The birds begin to sing
Their welcome sangs that usher in
The balmy days o' Spring ;
An' through the lang bright summer nights,
Its music, sweet and grand,
Will fill the air, and cheer the heart,
Frae our Lochgelly Band.

Oh, mony Bands I've heard and seen
In countries far awa' ;
But ane that plays upon the green
I think outshines them a' ;
They play the grand old melodies
O' our dear Fatherland ;
I dance wi' glee, whene'er I see
Our famed Lochgelly Band.

An', mind, the lads wha play so weel
In a sweet Scottish tune,
Dig coal below, or rin a wheel
Amang bad air an' gloom ;
An', yet, I dinna think in Fife
There's ane that plays so mellow,
Frae Anster-West to Torry toon,
Like our's in auld Lochgelly.

When through the bonny streets they steer,
The lads an' lassies cry—
Here comes the Band we love to hear,
They cheer the heart and eye.
Clad in their robes o' bonny blue,
They play both sweet and grand—
The little bairns on the streets,
They cheer Lochgelly Band.

Music, "heavenly maid," was sung *
In ancient Greece langsyne ;
And we, the men o' modern days,
Still love the strains sublime.
Then, dear Lochgelly, tak' a pride
In our bright cheery Band—
Lang may they play, lang may they bide
A credit to the land.

* "When music, heavenly maid, was young."—*Collins.*

EPISTLE TO HENRY COOK,

Secretary, Fifeshire Miners' Association.

Dear Harry,—

WHETHER I write a poem or sang,
I fear I'll mak' it rather lang;
But if you're no' so very thrang,
Perhaps you'll read it;
And if you see a word that's wrang,
Just never heed it.

Weel, first and foremost, I intend
The bye-gone ages to defend;
I trust a patient ear you'll lend
To my bit tale,
And criticisms you can send
With the next mail.

I'm conservative in feeling,
My politics there's no concealing;
But, while to you I am revealing
My thoughts in rhyme,
Memory is backward wheeling
To an earlier time.

But my remarks I won't confine
To any country, age, or clime ;
Perhaps before I end this rhyme
You'll pause and wonder
At the poetic flights sublime
O' Lang Jock Pindar.

'Tis now some dozen years, or more,
Since I left dear auld Scotland's shore
To roam where mighty rivers roar,
And mountains high,
In wild, majestic grandeur, tower
Up to the sky.

I've wander'd lang 'mang Eastern scenes,
Where bright, eternal summer gleams ;
By fairy dells, romantic streams,
I sat langsyne,
Engaging the refulgent beams
O' sweet sunshine.

The mind of man can ne'er conceive
The beautiful, the primitive
Simplicity of maids like Eve—
On Cashmere's plain
The lovely things, oh, soon wad have
Your heart in twain.

When the earlier race of men
Lived in mountain, cave, and den,
The human race were happy then ;
But now, you know,
That mighty instrument, the pen,
Levels all below.

In this age of learning, now
Every man cocks up his pow,
Exclaiming I, as well as thou,
Can show my knowledge—
The auld world did merrily row
Without her college.

Go, mingle in the city's din,
Or in the country wayside inn,
You'll find the tinker, wi' his tin,
Hold up his cheek,
Declaring he reads Homer fine
In classic Greek.

It grieves my soul, and fills my eye,
To think that ancient chivalry
Fled with the golden days gone bye—
Leaving in its place
Sanctimonious hypocrisy,
With scowling face.

Liberty and equality,
Brotherly love, fraternity,
On every hand is now the cry,
Both loud and keen—
Banish our old nobility,
Dethrone the Queen.

The Radical Press sounds her horn,
Because the Marquis of Lorn
Takes a princess to adorn
His ducal hame—
The laddie's worth a thousand foreign
Proud German game.

The papers every day proclaim
Such awful deeds that I refrain
Even to mention such by name,
Or my muse here
Would blush and hing head wi' shame,
And drap a tear.

In this great age of vice and crime,
Divorce Courts wi' adultery shine ;
'Twere better to have lived langsyne
Wi' Goth and Vandal ;
I dinna like the present time
O' clash and scandal.

Where is that golden age to which
Mankind are striving hard to reach?
I doubt we're far yet frae the beach
O' perfect bliss,
Notwithstanding all we preach,
In worlds like this.

There's no comparison between
The present days and days that's been;
Antediluvian times, I ween,
Were better far
Than the days that we have seen
O' cruel war.

Kings upon their thrones are quakin',
Nations o' the earth are shakin'—
While the God o' War is takin'
Supreme delight
In the broth o' hell, and makin'
Mankind to fight.

Think o' the tears that widows shed,
In mourning for their gallant dead;
Oh, civilisation, hide thy head,
And boast no more—
Thou'rt makin' battle-plains run red
With human gore.*

* The war with France and Germany.

Mourn with me, all Nature mourn,
For widows' hearts wi' anguish torn ;
The infant that's yet unborn
Shall curse the day
That saw his father's manly form
Stretched on the clay.

Come, mourn, ye stars and rolling seas ;
Mourn, sweet flowers and waving trees ;
And mourn too, oh, whispering breeze,
With wailing moan ;
Creation, mourn for wars like these,
Wi' heavy groan.

When shall that glorious morn appear
When cannon, pistol, sword, an' spear
Are numbered wi' the things that were ?
And brotherly love
Shine o'er the world, bright and clear,
Like stars above ?

Oh, for some calm, sequestered spot,
Some silent, uninhabited grot ;
Away where lotus islands float
In summer seas—
There I would spend my days, remote,
With peace and ease.

There I would hold communion wi'
The mermaids o' the mighty sea ;
The wailings o' humanity
And bitter strife
Would never more abide wi' me,
To sour my life.

This world is all a fleeting show—
So sang Tom Moore, some years ago ;
The poor have many wants below
The bright blue sky ;
Human distress mak's tears to flow
Down from my eye.

Still, in this land, beneath the palm
I still can chant at evening calm
A lovely verse from some sweet psalm ;
And aye I find
That Gilead's soul-consoling balm
Can cheer the mind.

The miner, weary and care-worn,
Sad in spirits and forlorn,
Must wend his way at early morn
To toil and slave
Where no beauteous flowers adorn
His gloomy cave.

Without the miner where would be
Our country's great prosperity?—
He makes the iron ships to flee
Across the ocean,
And keeps the world's machinery
In active motion.

Far from the world's mighty din,
Down in his cavern dark and grim,
He canna hear the lark's sweet hymn
Wi' joyous sound;
The light of Nature shines but dim
Beneath the ground.

I've read your little poem with pleasure,
To me it is a perfect treasure;
And the rhyme is in a measure
That's my delight;
I shall be glad when you have leisure
Again to write.

Take my advice, and ne'er refuse
To court your hamely Scottish muse;
The poetic talent ne'er abuse,
But gi'e her string—
She is eloquent when ye choose
To let her sing.

Although I'm in the rhyming mood,
For want of space I must conclude
A rhyme that's far from being good ;
But you'll dispense
With what is vulgar, low, and rude,
And tak' the sense.

May streams o' bliss around you glide,
Domestic peace at your fireside ;
An' sorrow, want, and care keep wide
O' your hearthstane ;
And wife and bairns be the pride
O' your dear hame.

TO A MOSQUITO.

Y' wee impudent, wicked thing,
How weel ye like, on sportive wing,
Around my head to bum an' sing,
An' mak' me claw
Whene'er you put your venomous sting
Into my jaw.

If for a moment you but see
Me try to shut my droosie e'e,
'Tis then you strike your loftiest key,
An' doon you'll light
Upon my body, my blood to pree
Wi' a your might.

Wee wicked thing, upon my word,
To bite me so is rather hard,
I canna mount Chowringo Guard
Without you there ;
Ha'e mercy on a sodger bard,
His blood to spare.

Far worse you use me than the bogs,
Your fellow-chums, the stinkin' rogues
Wha ower me crawl like parritch cogs,
Wi' swelled-up doup ;
An' then at night the big bullfrogs
Around me loup.

To tell the truth, I hate you all,
Bogs and bullfrogs, great an' small ;
Wi' a the varmin that do crawl
Upon me here ;
But faith, my billies, I maun tholl
Your bites to bear.

'Twill be a happy day for me,
When from your presence I can flee
Across the saut an' briny sea,
And Scotia view—
A land that's hitherto been free
Frae things like you.

Calcutta, 1860.

LITTLE BOBBY (THE POET'S DOG).

"The first to welcome, foremost to defend."—*Byron.*

THOU art a dog, my Bobby dear,
Possessing kindly ways;
A noble friend, true and sincere,
Deserving all my praise.
Thou'rt free from man's degrading sins—
There lurks no human guile
Within thy soul, while kindness beams
In thy confiding smile.

But do not prove thyself, dear Bob,
A craven-hearted coward;
I hope thou'lt bite the heels no more
Of canteen Davie Ewart.
I trust thou'lt prove a soldier brave,
Where'er thou meet'st thy foes;
Face them bravely, Bob, and leave
Thy teeth-marks on their nose.

Aye bite them hard upon the nose,
Thou white-woolled little Bobby;
Give to thy enemies a dose
Of Maltese hydrophobia.
If e'er thou fight with older dogs,
And see mischief a-brewing,
Just run to me for shelter, or
To Private Winkie Ewing.

But while thou toddl'st thro' the rooms
Of Company letter "I,"
Thou'lt get a welcome smile from all—
A cosy place to lie.
And when thou die'st, beneath the wave
Of the mighty rolling sea
May thou, dear Bobby, find a grave,
Where fools can't bread on thee.

THE DYING SOLDIER'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER.

THE stars are peeping from the sky,
The deadly battle's o'er ;
While dead and dying round me lie
In pools of reeking gore.
But mother, dear, I soon shall be
One of the noble slain—
A sweet, affectionate smile from thee
I'll ne'er behold again.

Dear mother, I can never see
Again our banners flying ;
The battlefield my grave must be—
Oh, mother, I am dying.
I've fought for home and fatherland,
Where thousands round me fell ;
Oh, for a touch of thy dear hand—
But mother, oh, farewell !

My mother, dear, you'll ne'er again
Embrace your soldier son ;
His warfare's o'er, his sword's laid down,
His earthly fight is done.
Oh, soon I'll be from sorrow free,
Where sinless angels dwell ;
It's growing dark, I cannot see—
Sweet mother, dear, farewell !

DROOKIT STOUR.

(Air—"The Drunkard's Ragged Wean.")

Every intelligent Scotchman knows that drookit stour is only a combination of dust and water, or, if you like, gutters or clabber. But it looks more kindly and Scotch-like to designate dust and water *drookit stour.*

IT'S a waefu' sicht to see a man lost to sense and shame,
A man wha ance cud boast, ye ken, o' a respected name;
I've seen his hand stretched forth to help the needy an' the poor,
But noo he's lyin' unco low amang the drookit stour.

An honoured elder o' the kirk—a bailie o' the toon—
A merchant whase honest fame was spread the country roon',
A maist respected man was he, but noo he can't procure
A better lodgin' than to lie amang the drookit stour.

Prosperity's brilliant sun upon his path did shine,
Until he ta'en unto his heart the cursed demon wine;
He little thought that by-an'-by this demon wud illure
Frae actions guid, an' bring him doon amang the drookit stour.

King Alcohol soon masters a' wha come within his sway,
The wealthy an' the poor alike become his greedy prey;
Doctors, lawyers, ministers too, he often does secure,
An' brings them doon upon their croon amang the drookit stour.

Just see yon gallant sodger lad, wi' medals on his breast,
Against the foes o' Britain he had dared an' done his best;
But here's a foe he cannot fight—a demon grim an' dour,
Alas, my sodger lad is doon amang the drookit stour.

I speak frae sad experience; the demon drink has been
An' enemy to me throughout the many years I've seen;
This vicious foe wud crack my croon, an' nose wud ofttimes clour,
An' soil my bonny scarlet coat amang the drookit stour.

Gibraltar, May 1879.

SMILING JULY.

ALL hail! lovely month,
Wi' rosy perfume,
Following so brightly
Thy sweet sister June.
Like the midsummer's Bride,
Thy clear sunny sky
Cheers the hearts o' thy lovers,
Sweet smiling July.

Thy calm, beauteous face
We love now to see,
We'll embrace thee wi' feelings
O' pure ecstasy;
Thy beauty can banish
All tears from the eye,
While viewin' thy glory,
Sweet smiling July.

How sweet to repose 'mong
Thy dewy flowers,
That luxuriantly blossom
In yon fairy bowers.
In the calm hours o' night
We cheerily can hie
Away to the meadows,
Sweet smiling July.

May each lonely heart
  Feel thy happy sunshine;
Oh! warm the affections
  Wi' raptures sublime.
May cauld, gloomy cares
  At our bosoms ne'er lie,
While thou'rt so near us,
  Sweet smiling July.

EPISTLE TO J. BAXTER, LOCHGELLY.

ALTHOUGH at present I must cling
To an isle where bells forever ring,
Perhaps before another spring,
In Caledonie,
Wi' you I'll dance the Highland Fling,
Dear brother Johnnie.

To see auld Scotland's heathery hills,
Her smiling plains, an' windin' rills—
The very thought my bosom fills
Wi' hope so bright;
For, oh! I love auld Scotland still,
Wi' pure delight.

Where is the land beneath the sun
That's fought and bled as she has done?—
See the vict'ries she has won
O'er superstition;
I'm glad to think that I have sprung
From such a nation.

Wha wadna love the glorious land
Whence ha'e sprung that heroic band
Wha bravely fought, wi' heart an' hand,
In Freedom's cause?—
Twas them wha gave to us our grand
Religious laws.

But time wud fail me now to tell
O' Wishart, Hamilton, and Cargill,
Sandy Pedan, Walter Mill,
An' many more,
Wha rung aloud the gospel bell
In days o' yore.

Our poets, too—we've few or nane
To match wi' Burns, Bruce, or Grahame;
Where is the bright auld Scottish hame
But's heard their strain?
Where they're read not, disgrace an' shame
Their fireside stain.

Though sodgerin' in this bonny clime,
I often have a heart and time
To sing a sang o' auld langsyne;
Though far awa',
It wafts me back o'er ocean's brine,
Heart, soul, an' a'.

But I maun quit my uncouth sang,
My flights are neither high nor lang;
I feel my muse gawn aff the fang,
My hearty Jock;
I'll light my pipe—it ne'er comes wrang
To tak' a smoke.

ISABEL.

'TWAS in the vernal season
O' the sweet breathing spring,
When trees put on their robes o' green,
An' birds began to sing,
The bonny flowers were blinking sweet
In Lowery's fragrant dell,
When first I saw my smiling lass—
The rosy Isabel.

The orient blush o' simmer's morn,
The roses' sweet perfume,
The fragrance on the breezes borne,
The maiden smiles o' June
Are no' so sweet to me as she
On whom my thoughts aye dwell ;
Both day and night my thoughts are wi'
The rosy Isabel.

When the gentle morn is breaking
Oot owre the waving trees,
An' a thoosand sweet birds singing
Upon the simmer breeze,
Oh ! then the music o' her voice
Comes owre me like a spell,
While in each flower I recognise
The smile o' Isabel.

Her rosy lips are fu' o' smiles,
  Her een wi' love are beamin' ;
Her bosom pure, like sparklin' dew
  Upon the meadows gleamin' ;
An', oh ! she spoke so soft an' sweet,
  Her words like music fell
Upon my ear the night I gave
  My heart to Isabel.

THE DRUCKEN MINER.

THERE you go, kick up a shindy,
Hame again, an' roarin' fou,
Spent your whole pay in the Mindy,
And the rent noo wearin' due.

Oh, you are a bonny fellow—
Nane wi' you can blaw and brag,
You're the best man in the "Nelly,"
Aye puts oot the biggest darg.

No' a wife in a' Lochgelly
Kens my sorrow, grief, an' care;
Oh, you drucken man, it's really
Mair than I am fit to bear.

Last fortnicht auld Jamie Dandie
Gave his wife twa pounds an' mair;
But you ca'd me a dirty randy,
And tore my bonny yellow hair.

Selfish, dirty, drucken body,
You've nae thocht for wife nor wean;
You maun get your beef an' toddy—
I maun pick a penny bane.

If you had a spunk o' feelin'
You would try an' mend your ways ;
Oor disgrace is past concealin'—
*Sans** credit, meat, an' claes.

Look at honest Charlie Ramsay,
He has bonny bairns four ;
And a cleaner wife than Nancy
Ne'er was in Lochgelly Store.

Your honest wife and little bairn
Gi'e you little thocht or care ;
Jock, ye dinna want to learn
How to keep things nice an' square.

When the public-houses close,
You maun rin wi' Tammy Dawer,
Doon an' visit Kate M'Dose—
A famous shebeen in the Moor.

There you'll drink till early morn,
Till you've spent your last bawbee ;
Oh, I wish I'd ne'er been born,
To suffer a' this misery.

I'm ashamed to meet a grocer
On the streets o' oqr braw toon,
For we're indebted to them a',
Frae Sandy Air to Billy Broon.

* Without.

Wi' the Parliamentary squad,
You can spout an Irish story;
But canna tell if Preston Bruce
Belongs to Radical or Tory.

Do you wonder though I'm sulky,
When you ken I ha'e a pair
O' new shoon wi' Charlie Wulkie,
Ready made this month an' mair?

An' I daurna see the draper
Since you got that suit o' claes;
No' ae farthing ha'e ye paid him
For these last twa hunder days.

Be ashamed to think your shadow
Never darkens a kirk-door;
But to rin for drink you're ready
Ony day ten miles an' more.

Drink has been oor ruination
Since the day I was your wife;
Misery and degradation,
Hunger, cauld, domestic strife.

Drink has made your carcass lazy;
Last pay, only seven days,
Wouldna keep the cat in gravy,
Far less buy us meat an' claes.

Deeper aye in debt we're sinkin',
No' ae penny in the Store,
Caused through your infernal drinkin',
Lazy, loafing Johnnie More.

Man, I mind when we were married,
I was then your bonny Bell;
Sair has been the heart I've carried
Since you swore to love me well.

Now, I'll leave you a'thegither,
Slavin' days wi' me are done;
Rin awa' an' tell your mither
That she has a worthy son.

When you swear to leave off drinkin',
Swear forever to abstain;
Not till then, my Jock, I'm thinkin',
Can we fill one house again.

LINES ON THE RECEPTION OF MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I SEE thy dear sweet face, mother,
Through my fast flowing tears ;
The lineaments I trace, mother,
Of the happy byegone years.
Since then I've wandered very far,
And mingled in the ranks of war ;
But thou hast been my guiding star
In every land, dear mother.

Oh ! I have found since then, mother,
How wayward I have been ;
And I may ne'er again, mother,
At thy dear side be seen.
Thou'rt sinking in the vale of years,
While I, with many hopes and fears,
Must lonely roam in other spheres,
Far from home and thee, mother.

The world's bitter blast, mother,
Has fanned my cheek since thou
Didst strain me to thy warm breast,
And kiss my fair young brow.
But here thy features mild I see,
With cheery smile and kindly e'e,
That once so sweetly beamed on me
In our bright home, dear mother.

Throughout my wild career, mother,
I've found no friend like thee ;
Thou've shed the unseen tear, mother,
At lonely night for me.
I know full well that I've distress'd
The kindest parent and the best,
And broken both her peace and rest,
Since I left home, dear mother.

Though in a foreign clime, mother,
I hear thy voice so fine
Singing the strains sublime, mother,
That cheered my heart langsyne.
But those bright days have passed away,
My hair at last has turned grey ;
But love for thee can ne'er decay—
My love, oh ! blessed mother.

I know thy genuine worth, mother,
Among the scenes of strife ;
My heart's been drawn forth, mother,
To her who gave me life.
But fleeting time shall soon be o'er,
When we at last on yon bright shore
Shall meet again to part no more—
No more to part, dear mother.

THE AULD KIRK.

THE Auld Kirk, the Auld Kirk,
You'll aye be dear to me ;
I lo'e you weel, although I am
A member o' the Free.
I'll ne'er forget the dear Auld Kirk
O' Chalmers, Welsh, an' Broon ;
Oor ain Kirk—lang may it flourish
In ilka Scottish toon.

The Auld Kirk, the Auld Kirk,
What memories you bring
O' fighting days on Scotland's braes,
Against a tyrant king.
Cameron, Renwick, an' Cargill—
These names—enough for me,
To mak' me lo'e the Auld Kirk still,
Now flourishing pure and free.

The Auld Kirk, the Auld Kirk,
You're changed sin' Forty-three—
You can elect your shepherds noo
As well 's U.P.'s an' Free.
My mither sleeps beneath your dome,
An' my auld faither, too ;
I hope, in spite o' auld Gladstone,
We'll keep oor Auld Kirk true.

The Auld Kirk, the Auld Kirk—
The Englishmen that noo
Represent our Scottish Shires,
They dinna care for you.
Episcopalians every one,
They dinna care a straw
Although oor Kirk was banished clean
Frae Caledonia.

The Auld Kirk, the Auld Kirk,
Lang, lang may Scotland see
Fraternal love to your young bairn
Born in Forty-three.
While I breathe, an' move, an' live,
You'll aye be dear to me—
Like my forefaithers, I wad give
My life for sake o' thee.

I FONDLY CHERISH.

STILL I fondly cherish
Loving thoughts o' thee ;
Thou can never perish
From my memory.
Sad and lone we parted,
Cursed by cruel fate ;
Now I'm broken-hearted,
Poor, and desolate.

Here upon my quiet post,
In the silent night,
I see thee on yonder coast,
Lovely, pure, and bright.
Our lives were happy then,
Smooth as summer streams ;
But, Jeanie, we'll ne'er again
Enjoy Elysian dreams.

I see life's bright morning,
When thou were to me
A sweet flower adorning
Scotland's bonny lea.
With thee I can ne'er share
Sunny hours again ;
My life is fraught with care,
Misery, and pain.

Feelings fresh and early,
Spirits bright and gay,
Now are cold and surly—
Youth has passed away.
In folly's giddy ring,
Round about I've whirled,
Till I am a poor thing,
Weary o' the world.

Here I lonely wander
O'er the rolling sea;
Day and night I ponder,
Dearest Jean, on thee.
Though in pain I languish,
My prayer is that thou
Ne'er may feel the anguish
That burns in me now.

SIR PEEL TEEL.

LANG Sir Peel Teel, jist skin an' bane,
Wisna pleased to bide at hame ;
But for a sodger he has gane—
Daft gowk is he ;
But he only has himself to blame
That's owre the sea.

To mak' a sang we whiles did fee 'm ;
An' often we've been happy wi' 'm ;
An' mony a canty dram wad gi'e 'm,
When on the spree ;
'Twad cheer oor hearts again to see 'm
That's owre the sea.

He was a merry, social chiel,
To sing a sang, or dance a reel ;
An' for a glass wad face the deil,
When in his glee—
To speak the truth, we lo'ed him weel
That's owre the sea.

Weel did he love his Caledon—
Land o' Burns an' Willy Thom,
Wha ha'e immortalised in song
Hill, vale, an' lea ;
But noo he's crossed the ocean's foam,
An' owre the sea.

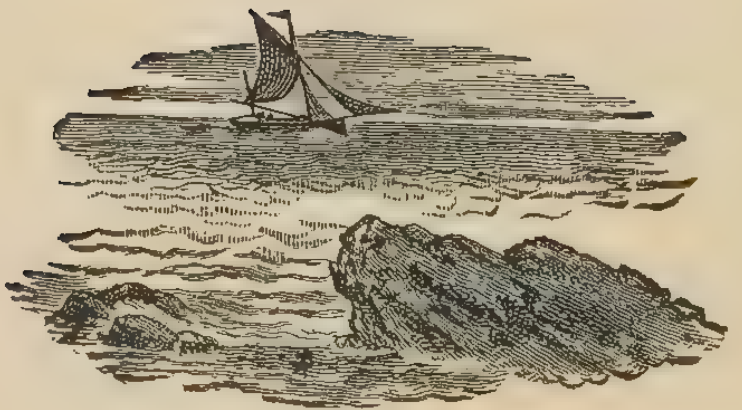
His legs were lang, an' thin his brans,
That bore him up in short harangues ;
While in his toon for makin' sangs
Ne'er matched was he ;
But now he wanders foreign lan's,
Far owre the sea.

A minister you wudna name,
But Sir Peel Teel was sure to ken ;
An' bards, frae Homer doon to Grahame,
Their birth kent he ;
We hope to see him ance again
That's owre the sea.

We loved to sit an' hear him tell
How he would hie to some lone dell,
An' calmly read for hours himsel',
In summer nichts,
O' glorious men wha fought an' fell
For Scotland's richts.

He whiles lay in Colchester camp
On an iron bed, wi' blankets damp,
Which sometimes gave his legs the cramp,
An' sair was he ;
But stern duty made him to tramp
Far owre the sea.

He had his fauts, like mony mair,
An' loved the lassies, sweet and fair ;
They often made his kind heart sair,
An' filled his e'e ;
For little cash he had to spare
That's owre the sea.



TO A WEE BIRD.

OH, burdie, were I jist like thee—
Had little care, but up an' flee—
I'd strike upon some plaintive key,
The air to charm—
Like other birds that's full o' glee
An' void o' harm.

I'd chirp awa' through hill an' glen,
Far frae the haunts o' wicked men ;
I'd never let the world ken
My calm retreat ;
I'd live serenely in my den,
Resigned to fate.

AULD BETTY HUNTER.

AULD Betty Hunter, I ne'er can forget her,
Wha lives in her cot at the tap o' the toon ;
For tellin' droll stories I ne'er heard a better,
I could listen to her frae September to June.

In the lang winter nichts, we assemble thegither
Aroond her fireside, for she always mak's room ;
An' we lo'e her so weel that we aye ca' her "mither"—
Oh, seldom is Betty's fireside ever toom.

Her fund is exhaustless o' Scotch wit an' humour,
And to her ghost stories there ne'er is an end ;
Her memory's so strong, she can sing ilka song
That our national poet, Robbie Burns, e'er penned.

But the mighty deeds o' the brave Willie Wallace
Are a theme she likes weel to lecture upon ;
She kens a' the troubles that ever befell us,
Sin' the days that King Fergus ascended the throne.

Prince Charlie's memory she cherishes dearly,
She tells a' the hardships he ever gaed through ;
Though she had trodden Prestonpans and Culloden,
A better description she cudna gi'e you.

She loves Caledonia—she is Scotch to the bane—
An' her feet ha'e ne'er left her ain parent earth ;
When speaking o' nations, she ne'er can find ane
To compare wi' the glorious land o' her birth.

The shades o' gloamin' are fa'in' aroond her,
Mony lang years in the world she has been ;
But as she wears doon the lone hill to the tomb,
May her last end be happy, calm, an' serene.

A NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE TO SERGEANT-MAJOR CAMPBELL.

A GUID New Year, my Auld Pay-all,
I wish you frae my very soul ;
An' while on this terrestrial ball
May you be happy,
An' always ha'e within your call
A wee bit drappy.

In yon dear land where we were born,
How mony friends on this new morn
Will drink our health frae jug an' horn
In social glee ;
Whilst we are wandering lands that's foreign
Beyond the sea.

Around the cheery, bright fireside,
Our aged parents will preside,
Far frae their sons, a' scattered wide
On life's rough main,
Imploring Heaven's power to guide
Us hame again.

There's music in the magic name
O' that sweet, kindly Scotch word "hame" ;
May black disgrace an' burnin' shame
Rest on the villain
Whase love for hame's no' in a flame
O' purest feelin'.

The sodger in a distant clime,
The sailor on the foamy brine,
The wanderer 'mang scenes sublime
Does often mourn
To see again, in summer time,
His native burn.

Dear Jamie, lad, both you an' I
Ha'e roamed 'neath mony a brilliant sky ;
An' tears perhaps ha'e dimmed the eye
When we thought on
Our glorious land o' liberty—
Sweet Caledon.

Bright land o' Burns an' Tannahill,
Green meadow, mountain, vale, an' rill,
The music o' thy rivers fill
My soul wi' love ;
Our native land, we'll mind it till
We cease to move.

You ken it's lang since I did raise
My humble voice in Scotland's praise ;
Amang her glens and brumlie braes
Perhaps we'll sit,
Enjoying our declining days
In calm peace, yet.

May you enjoy a bright New Year,
Blest wi' happiness, health, an' beer—
A social glass at times does cheer
The heart o' man;
Tak' my advice, an' ne'er be sweer
To pree the dram.

Although I roam in this bright clime,
I aye can find both room an' time
To ha'e a glass for auld langsyne—
The days gane by;
A friend wha mak's my life sublime
I value high.

Oh, mony New Years may you see,
Is the earnest wish o' bards like me;
May peace and great prosperity
Rest on your head,
An' bairns bless your memory
When you are dead.

May a' the blessings I can name
Adorn your sweet, conjugal hame;
An' love's sweet, pure, unselfish flame
Your path illume,
Until you gang where peace doth reign,
Beyond the tomb.

A LOST LIFE.

"But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stained his name."—*Burns.*

A. L. had gone round the gigantic circle of the sciences, had dipped deep into the mysteries of creation; but vicious companionship had converted what might have been a glorious man into a confirmed misanthropist.

WHAT have I done, what have I done,
Beneath the circuit of the sun—
I've only in vile courses run
Since I was born;
I ne'er did try black sin to shun
In any form.

I love what all good men detest—
The filthy song, the obscene jest,
I've rolled myself in pleasure's nest
Till now I find
Every thought within my breast
To sin inclined.

My life hath sported in the beam
That play'th o'er life's pléasant stream;
The unbridled valves have let the steam
Of passions warm
Rush me where no quiet rest gleam
In life's dark storm.

But what is life? A pleasant dream—
A real enjoyment—a gleam
Of sweet sunshine, till in the stream
Of Lethe we lie;
Till then I'll bask in life's bright beam
And cares defy.

I've no desire, no inclination
To try a moral reformation,
Although I'm fit to fill a station
Of worth and trust:
I love a life of degradation,
For drink I must.

What care I for learning fine,
Or all the sciences sublime—
In learned languages I shine
And show my knowledge;
I'd shame the Greek and Latin science
In school or college.

I might have been a great physician,
Or lawyer in a proud position;
But, being void of strong decision
To choose a trade—
I now must bear good men's derision,
And beg my bread.

I can feel great inspiration
From the drink's intoxication ;
Then I can give a grand oration—
Most eloquent ;
I could grace the highest station
In Parliament.

When strong drink had my passions fired,
Sots like myself thought me inspired,
My drunken songs were so admired
By staring asses ;
My wanton muse, she ne'er grew tired
'Mong drink and lasses.

Voltaire's sceptre I could sway,
And tune the lyre like Thomas Gray,
And wander through the Milky Way
Up to the moon ;
And beat the clergy every day,
Like sceptic Hume.

But here I am, a pest on earth,
A man that's void of moral worth ;
I laugh and sing in scenes of mirth,
And curse the great
Thick-headed sons of noble birth
Who rule the State.

Among the virtuous sons of men,
My breath would poison such as them ;
But here I hold my trembling pen,
And laugh at sin ;
I love the vulgar, selfish den
Of vice and gin.

I cannot mend my life, nor flee
From all the scenes of sin I see ;
Few are the men I know that's free
From human errors ;
But I'm so bad, that Hell to me
Has lost its terrors.

I've spent my glorious manhood's prime
Where sin in all its forms shine ;
The laws, both moral and divine,
Have lost their hold
Upon this vicious heart of mine,
Now black and cold.

Depart from me, ye saints, depart !
And leave me with my wicked heart ;
Till death comes, with his fatal dart,
To end this life—
I shall frequent the busy mart
Of sin and strife.

. . . . . .

Now, gentle reader, do not be
A slave to passions vile ;
Oh, keep the heart aye pure and free
From sin, deceit, and guile.

ROBERT BURNS.

RIGHT weel ha'e ye sung o' our dear native land,
O' her glens, sunny braes, sweet and bonny ;
Byron and Scott, they will both be forgot,
Ere thy name's lost in green Caledony.
Round a' the world thy fame is now gane—
Thy dear sangs, melodious and cheery,

Banish awa' both sorrow and pain—
Under their spell, wha is dreary ?
Ramsay and Fergusson sang very weel ;
Nicol, Hogg, Tannahill, sweet and fairly ;
Sweetly, too, sang Gilfillan, Macneal—

Nane o' them cud sing " Rigs o' Barley."
Amang a' the bards o' Scotland I ken
There's nane like Robin, sae clever ;
I've often been cheered wi' his canty strain
On the banks o' a bright Orient river.
Nae bards ha'e we in this modern time
Able to sing a sang like " Langsyne "—
Lang shall it flourish in our misty clime.

Proud is auld Scotland o' her darling son,
Oh ! his name she forever shall cherish ;
Enshrined it shall be in the hearts o' the free
Till the mountains o' Scotland perish.

FIVE ROBINS.

THE chirpings o' my Robins sweet
Aye cheer the hearts o' men—
There's Robin B, an' Robin T,
Robin F, and Robin G,
An' Perthshire Robin N.

Five Robins ance in Scotland here
Did sing melodious, sweet, and clear ;
But tho' they've flown, we still revere
Their glorious names ;
For, oh ! they sang wi' hearts sincere
O' dells an' plains.

They sang by river, bank, and shaw,
O' bonny lasses, fair an' braw ;
But tho' they've gane frae us awa',
Their sangs are here—
"Louden's Braw Woods," "My Nannie O'"—
Our souls to cheer.

The swarthy clans beyond the sea
Ha'e heard an' sung o' Bessie Lee :
My Robins' sangs can never be
Forgot until
Scotch thistles cease to cock their e'e
On plain an' hill.

"Oh, why left I my hame?" Oh, me!
I've sung that sang when o'er the sea,
Until tears trickled frae my e'e,
When nights were calm—
Awa' on India's fragrant lea,
'Mang groves o' palm.

Burns, Nicol, an' Fergusson—
Their fame has through creation run;
Auld Scotland's glorious days are done
When she's unwillin'
To tak' a pride in Tannahill
An' Rab Gilfillan.

Where'er a Scotsman's feet have trod,
At hame or on a foreign sod—
My Robins' sangs have their abode
In his heart warm,
To cheer him on life's dusty road
O' wind an' storm.

Where Ganges roll o'er scented plains,
Where Hindoos guard their sacred fanes,
There you will hear my Robins' strains
By Hindoo maids
Sung sweet at night, when silence reigns
In orange shades.

An' now, when I am old an' gray,
An' youthfu' days a' passed away,
These Robins round me chant their lays
As sweet an' fine
As when my heart was young an' gay,
In days langsyne.

THE BAILIE'S FAREWEEL TO THE SCHOOL BOARD.

THE School Board's elected, an' I am not there,
Still I won't fill my mind wi' thoughts o' despair;
But mony a sweet Miss will let the tear fa'
For the kind-hearted Bailie wha smiled on them a'.

My thanks I return quite hearty an' free
To ilka dear Miss wha flang glances at me;
May sorrow an' care at their hallan ne'er ca'—
Is the wish o' the Bailie wha smiles on them a'.

May happiness, peace, an' prosperity glide
Around ilka neuk o' their cheery fireside;
An' bairnies aye gang to the school neat an' braw—
Is the wish o' the Bailie wha smiles on them a'.

May our bairnies grow up in knowledge an' truth,
An' virtue adorn their walk in their youth;
An' may they ne'er follow such men as Bradlaugh—
Is the wish o' the Bailie wha smiles on you a'.

May brotherly love, instead o' discord,
Adorn the men o' the present School Board;
An' lang may each member his ain horn blaw—
Is the wish o' the Bailie wha smiles on you a'.

TO DR NELSON.

DEVOTED to your calling you have always been,
Oh! few like yourself in the burgh we have seen;
Constant in attendance on patients everywhere,
They all receive, at your hand, kindness, skill, and care;
Onward as swift time doth march, I love you better still;
Right well you serve our village with energy and skill.

Now forty years have passed away since you came to Lochgelly—
Energetic still and strong, with brain that's never shallow,
Loving-hearted gentleman! here I declare I never
Saw your equal in the town—you're aye so frank and clever.
Of all the doctors in the town, I'm sure that we shall find
None like you—more brave and true, considerate and kind.

OUR TOON.

INSCRIBED TO BAILIE R. DICK, LOCHGELLY.

DEAR Bailie Dick, dear Bailie Dick,
The good auld days are gane
Since you used to wedge the mell an' pick
In the auld "Little Dane,"
An' I, your laddie, drove "Wee Star"
In bonny days langsyne—
Lang ere I joined the ranks o' war
In India's sunny clime.

Auld village school, auld village school,
The tear draps frae my e'e
When I recall to mind the lads
Wha sported here wi' me;
For some repose in other lands
Beneath a foreign lea,
While others, like mysel', are still
On life's stormy sea.

Clear winding Orr, clear winding Orr—
My bright, my early hame—
Upon thy smiling banks I sang
In happy days now gane;
An' when afar, in Orient climes,
In fancy I wud hear
The murmur o' thy tranquil rill,
Like music in my ear.

Dear banks o' Clune, dear banks o' Clune,
Thou'rt sweet, fresh, an' fair ;
An' in the leafy month o' June
I still can wander there.
For weel I ken the young laird
O' Glencraig's bonny ha'
Will let me spiel the broomy braes
When gloamin' shadows fa'.

My dear auld toon, my dear auld toon,
You'll aye be dear to me,
Until I sleep inside the tomb—
My heart is still wi' thee.
Can I forget life's bright young days,
When owre these hills I ran,
An' pu'd the berries, hips, an' slaes,
Near Davie Aitken's dam?

My bonny toon, my bonny toon,
Frae thee I'll roam nae mair ;
I'll bide where thy sweet lassies bloom,
Like roses, pure an' fair.
Although grand cities I ha'e seen
Athwart the foamy brine,
Their grandeur couldna please my e'en,
Nor cheer this heart o' mine.

IN MEMORIAM—ROBERT BAIN.

REST, warrior ! thy battles now are o'er
On Crimean plains and India's coral shore—
Boldly thou fought up Alma's rugged height,
Engaging all the power of Russia's savage might ;
Regiments, French and British, assembled there
To cut the claws of the Russian bear.

Battles fierce were ofttimes waged before—
At Waterloo, Vittoria, and Cawnpore ;
I know no battle fought without a plan—
None, at least, like bloody Inkermann.

ACROSTIC.

TRAVELLER o'er life's stormy sea,
HOw well I love to welcome thee ;
ENrapturing tales to me you bring

FRom that dear land where linties sing.
I love to read thy pages through,
FIrm old friend, so kind an' true—
EVery week with something new.

NAture's wonders, so grand and fine,
ENtrance my soul with thoughts sublime ;
WHat an earnest friend you've been to me
SInce thy bright face I first did see.

NEW YEAR'S EPISTLE TO SERGEANT DONALD FERGUSON, KINROSS.

"Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' langsyne?"

DEAR DONALD,—

Mony lang years ha'e o'er us gane
Since you an' I left Scotia's hame
Our country's honour to maintain
Beyond the sea;
An' were we young, we'd fight again
On India's lea.

Lingering memory brings to view
The varied scenes we wander'd thro';
But time wud fail to tell to you
What we ha'e seen
Since first we served, like sodgers true,
Our gracious Queen.

Where is the place we hinna seen?
Where is the place we hinna been?—
An' back again on Scotland's green—
Sweet flowery plain;
Oh, mony strange sights met our e'en
Far owre the main.

We've seen the Himalaya hills, sublime,
Awa' in Punjaub's balmy clime ;
An' ofttimes drank the Spanish wine
To mak' us hearty—
Dear Donald, we enjoyed fine
A social party.

We've seen Benares, Lucknow, Cawnpore,
An' heard the deadly cannon's roar
Among the hills aboon Lahore,
In days gane by—
We didna want baith reek an' gore
'Neath yonder sky.

We sodgered in the Grecian Isles,
Where grandeur reigns an' beauty smiles,
An' where sweet maids, wi' winning wiles,
Wud mak' us cheery—
I've seen me then gang twenty miles
For ae sweet dearie.

We'll ne'er forget the days langsyne—
Bright, sunny days, when in our prime ;
An', though I say't, few in the line
Could us surpass
For fighting, or in courting fine
A bonny lass.

You were a young bit callan when
You went through India's hard campaign ;
The sights you saw amang the slain
I canna tell
Like you, wha on the sanguinary plain
Fought long an' well.

The Mutiny was scarcely o'er,
When our distinguished Highland corps
Another bloody campaign bore,
Wi' heavy loss—
But here you are, still to the fore,
In auld Kinross.

Seventy-First ! famed Highland corps !
Although we hear thy name no more,
We'll ne'er forget the garb we wore
In years noo past—
The auld name we will aye adore
While life doth last.

I'm wearin' now towards three-score,
A crabbit, surly bachelor,
Hirplin' daily round my door,
Wi' stick in han'—
Wi' nae domestic bliss in store
For me, puir man.

Where is the loving, kindly dame
Wha, for my sake, wud change her name,
To light my ingle, grace my hame,
An' cheer life's gloamin'?—
I'd like to see at my hearthstane
A loving woman.

Though some few years ha'e o'er me gone
Since I beheld your dear son John;
Jist let him ken that I think on
The guid auld times,
Ere he was up to manhood grown,
In Southern climes.

Now, auld dear frien', oh! lang may you
An' your wee wifie toddle through
The scenes o' life, an' never view
Disheartening care;
Your frien's be honest, kind, an' true—
Is Pindar's prayer.

Frae my Scotch heart I wish you here
A bright an' happy, guid New Year,
Wi' mony frien's and hearty cheer
At your hearthstane,
An' matrimonial bliss shine clear
In your Scotch hame.

Now, Donald, lad, you'll think it time
For me to close my uncouth rhyme—
Although it's far frae the sublime,
At that don't wonder ;
But I'm your frien' while I can sign
My name, JOHN PINDAR.

THE NIGHT I LEFT CARTMORE.

THE night was calm, no clouds were seen
Athwart the jewelled sky ;
The starry hosts, bright and serene,
Were peeping sweet on high ;
The smiling moon, with silvery beams,
Was spreading glory o'er
The flowery banks and winding streams
The night I left Cartmore.

Since that dear night I've wandered far,
And mony places seen ;
I've mingled in the ranks o' war,
And battled hot and keen.
But when I stood on fields o' strife,
And heard the cannon's roar,
'Twas then I thought on my dear Fife
And scenes around Cartmore.

Although I've seen Hindostan's hills,
Majestic and sublime,
Their savage grandeur ne'er could please
This lonely heart o' mine ;
For, still my thoughts would fly away
To peaceful scenes o' yore—
I'll ne'er forget life's early day
And friends in old Cartmore.

EPITAPHS.

HERE lies the banes o' gluttonous Will,
Whom death has overpowered ;
He'll never rest until he has
His grave chums all devoured.

HERE rests the dust of one who had
A heart to think and feel,
Though in this world he bore a name
As hard as any steel.

EPIGRAMS.

GREASY JOCK, greasy Jock, put your head in a pock,
And conceal your lee-telling mouth ;
No word that you say, in a whole blessed day,
Contains the essence of truth.

GAB AND GUTS, Gab and Guts, they tell me your wuts
Have procured you an' elegant wife ;
Y' ne'er should ha'e been higher than mucking a byre
On some muirland farm in Fife.

ANDREW, my lad, may your heart ne'er be sad,
As you roam through this world o' ours ;
You've a canty sweet dame at a cheery hearthstane,
And bairns—God bless the sweet flowers.

DEAR JOHNNIE, dear Johnnie, our early days bonny—
You'll mind them, the bright days o' yore ;
You've laddies sin' syne, now grown to men,
While I'm still an auld bachelor.

GEORDIE GLEN, Geordie Glen, among learned men
You like to craw and to caper ;
But ae thing I'll tell you, you're a puir silly naething,
Whase language is jist smoke an' vapour.

ROBERT KNIGHT, Robert Knight, forty years ha'e
ta'en flight
Since you came to the toon o' Lochgelly ;
And, though you ha'e been eighty years on life's scene,
You are still a hearty auld fellow.

ROBERT MILL, Robert Mill, you've a resolute will ;
You're a man I respect and esteem ;
Though far I have trod o'er a Southern sod,
Your equal I seldom have seen.

ON HEARING THE REV. T. DEWAR.

MR DEWAR, Mr Dewar, your sermon is pure—
Yea, eloquent, learned, sublime ;
But mankind are jolly, wicked, unholy—
They treat with contempt what's divine.

TO sail o'er the billow, and visit Lochgelly,
Would to me be delightful and pleasant ;
May nae sorrow befa' till I meet wi' ye a'—
So fareweel, dear mother, at present.

IF men would only try
To be kind to one another,
We would have a sunny sky,
And always smiling weather.

MY NATIVE LAND.

O, GLORIOUS land, renowned in song,
My soul shall cling to thee,
Where'er my weary footsteps roam
In lands beyond the sea.
Sweet voices o' my early days
Come back to me in dreams;
An' memory brings before my gaze
Green meads and gushing streams.

At night, when on my silent post,
In dreams my soul will stray
To tranquil scenes on Fife's dear coast—
The scenes o' life's young day.
I backward through the mists o' time
Oft cast a tearfu' e'e;
And, pensive, muse on auld langsyne
And friends so dear to me.

O, beauteous land, so fair an' grand,
Thy sons, so brave and free,
Are looking back, through memory's track,
Bright island-home, to thee.
But, though sweet Scotia's bonny shore
We never mair may see,
The land that our Scotch hearts adore
Our guiding star shall be.

Though fragrant breezes roun' me play,
An' maidens sweetly sing,
Nae peace nor happiness can they
To my lone bosom bring.
Should I return to Scotland's braes,
I'll never wander more
Through other lands, but end my days
Beside my native Orr.

OUR JAMIE'S COME HAME.

DEAR Kate, put on your cloak, an' rin
Awa' to Cuparha',
An' tell Tam Graham that Jamie's hame
Frae the gallant Forty-Twa.
I ken he'll be richt glad to see
My son, so brave an' braw;
For he was ance a sodger too,
In countries far awa'.

Chorus—

Gae, sound the news through Cuparha'
Mak' vocal hill an' plain;
And tell the kindly neebours a'
That Jamie's hame again.

My puir auld heart feels young again,
Wi' joy the tears doon fa';
For my puir laddie noo has been
Owre twenty years awa'.
My sodger son made Russians reel
Owre Alma's rugged broo;
He's served his Queen an' country weel—
God bless my laddie noo.

I feel a Spartan mither's pride
  At the honours he hath won ;
Five medals dingle on his breast—
  I'm prood o' such a son.
An' best o' a', there's ane o' them
  The Cross o' Queen Victoria—
The highest honour man can gain
  On battlefields so gory.

His agëd father wud ha'e been
  A happy man to-day
Had God but spared him to ha'e seen
  His brave son, Jamie Gray.
The night he died, he prayed to God
  For blessings on our child—
Our Jamie was in India then,
  Engaged in battles wild.

My darling son, your warfare's o'er
  On fields o' bluidy strife ;
Nae mair you'll tread a hostile shore,
  Nor leave your bonny Fife.
And, if you should think o' a wife,
  Dear Jamie, there is ane
Wud cheer your pilgrimage through life—
  An' that's young Maggie Graham.

JEANIE MUNRO.

(Air—"The Laird o' Cockpen.")

WHA hisna heard o' young Jeanie Munro?
Wha hisna heard o' young Jeanie Munro?—
I pray you, beware o' this maiden, so fair,
For bright are the eyes o' young Jeanie Munro.

When the Colonel yesterday cam' on parade,
Full mony a blunder and stammer he made;
For the evening before, as to mess he did go,
He met the bright eyes o' young Jeanie Munro.

The big Major, too, has been smitten indeed;
He has turned a Papist to be o' her creed;
Instead o' the church, now to mass he does go—
An' a' for the sake o' young Jeanie Munro.

The Lieutenant and Captain for her fought a duel,
An' the Quartermaster drowned himsel' in a pool;
While the heart-stricken Adjutant walks to an' fro
Alang the parade, crying "Jeanie Munro."

The Paymaster, too, has been caught in her snare,
And he crawls about, wringing his hands in despair;
His books are a' wrang, an' he swears he will throw
Himsel' owre the brig for young Jeanie Munro.

Yon fiery-haired Ensign—oh ! woeful to tell,
Yest'reen, wi' his gun, put an end to himsel',
Because she told him to let his beard grow
Before he could cheek up to Jeanie Munro.

Last night at tattoo, the Pay-Sergeant an' a'
Cam' into his room wi' a face white as snaw,
Lay down on his bed, gave a kick, and cried—"Oh !
I'm dying this night for young Jeanie Munro."

The Drum-Major, Bugler, the Piper, Pioneer,
Sergeant-Major, an' privates are smitten, I fear ;
An' through a' the Regiment, wherever you go,
You'll find some one crying—"Oh ! Jeanie Munro."

But what do you think o' the Apothecary,
Wha fattened on nothing but rice an' hot curry ?—
He won Jeanie's heart in a fortnight or so,
An' ended the flirting o' Jeanie Munro.

BOB MILL, THE CARRIER LAD.

FOLK say the best men to the Commons are sent,
To rule the affairs o' the nation ;
But the carrier lad is always content
To drive your goods frae the Station.
Come dry day, come wet day, it's a' ane to me,
I've a heart an' a hand that is willing
To help a friend 'cross life's troubled sea
While I'm able to earn a shilling.

Amid summer's heat, or wintry winds howlin',
I drive to the Station aye cheery ;
An' wha can say they e'er heard me growlin',
Wi' visage grim, sulky, an' dreary ?
My kind-hearted chum in lang Cowdenbeath
Is kent as a jolly good fellow ;
I'll gi'e him a glass to sweeten his teeth
Next time he comes east to Lochgelly.

When gowans bloom sweet on green Birnie Brae
An' hills wi' their vocal notes ringing,
My voice you can hear at the dawn o' day
Whistling, humming, or singing.
As lang's I get plenty o' meal to my *Mill*
I'll envy nae lord in creation ;
But I trust to merit respect an' goodwill
While driving your goods frae the Station.

MY MITHER'S AULD HEARTHSTANE.

MY native hame, my native land,
Oh ! tak' me there ance mair ;
I lang to leave this sunny strand,
Though beauteous, bright, an' fair.
Gi'e orange groves an' brilliant skies
To those wha love the same ;
Enough I've seen to mak' me prize
My mither's auld hearthstane.

My native hame—oh, blissful spot !
I wish that I could share
The love and pure affection
O' dear frien's dwellin' there.
How fragrant is the memory yet
O' golden days lang gane,
When lads and bonnie lassies met
At mither's auld hearthstane.

Lang years ha'e flown o'er my head
Since youth's unclouded morn ;
But hope still whispers to my soul—
Oh, dinna be forlorn ;
For, there is praying for thee now,
In thy sweet Scottish hame,
A parent, kind, wha kissed thy brow
Beside the auld hearthstane.

Through wandering years o' martial strife
Among the Southern isles,
I've ne'er forgot my native Fife,
Where steadfast friendship smiles.
Though bright, romantic lands I've seen,
Believe me, there is nane
Contains a brighter spot on earth
Than mither's auld hearthstane.

THE LASS O' PITKENIE.

HA'E you seen my wee lassie, wha lives in yon toon,
As blithe, sweet, an' merry 's a lav'rock in June?
Be it sunshiny weather, be 't frosty or rainy,
You'll aye get a smile frae the lass o' Pitkenie.

The pure flowers o' simmer, in sweet regal bloom,
May spread o'er Pitkenie their richest perfume ;
But the sweetest flower there is my lovely Teenie—
My ain bonny lass on the braes o' Pitkenie.

On the braes o' Pitkenie sweet roses are blushing,
An' Orr's rippling river is glowing an' flushing ;
But I carena a strae though its beauties are many,
Unless they are shared wi' the lass o' Pitkenie.

I might wander again to some sunny clime,
Perhaps find a grave 'neath the shade o' the vine ;
But till life's latest day I will think on my Teenie,
The bonny sweet rose on the braes o' Pitkenie.

MY LITTLE TOONY.

(Air—"Piper o' Dundee.")

OH! tak' me back to our toon,
To our toon, to our toon;
Oh! tak' me back to our toon,
My bonny Lochgelly.
And I will never wander mair
Through other lands, though rich an' fair,
Nae land on earth can e'er compare
Wi' ane far owre the billow.

I love my little toony, my toony, my toony,
I love my little toony, my bonny Lochgelly.

Though flowers bloom here in simmer pride,
An' streams through orange forests glide,
Oh! tak' me where my brithers bide,
In bonny Lochgelly.
I'll ne'er forget my early days,
When I pu'd berries, hips, an' slaes,
Lang ere I roam'd the palmy braes
Where Ganges roll so yellow.

To Scotia's Isle my soul shall cling,
Where thistles wave an' linties sing ;
Wi' sangs I'll mak' the couples ring
When I come owre the billow.
I'll crack wi' you o' days lang gane,
When we were young an' a' at hame,
I'll canty sit at your hearthstane,
In bonny Lochgelly.

THE ROSE O' DUNNIKIER.

THE lassies o' Kirkcaldy toon
Are bonny, sweet, and gay;
Their cheeks are like the rose's bloom
In smiling, flowery May.
But their sweet smiles can ne'er illume
A soul wi' love sincere
For my pretty Maggie Home—
The rose o' Dunnikier.

Her rosy moo', her e'en sae blue,
An' teeth like shining pearls,
Mak' Maggie worth a score or two
O' pale-faced city girls.
When flowery fields we wander through,
Her voice, sae sweet an' clear,
Mak's vocal ilka plain an' dell
Around auld Dunnikier.

Oh, smiling maid! pure love like thine
Is mair than gold to me;
The happy day I ca' thee mine,
I'll dance and sing wi' glee.
I wudna change my lot in life
Wi' Rosslyn's noble peer,
An' leave my bonny lass in Fife—
The rose o' Dunnikier.

JOHNNIE YACH, THE YOUNG RECRUIT.

AWAKE ! awake ! young sleepy head,
The pipes are playing roond yer bed ;
Awake ! arise, an' gang to parade,
Or you'll be late in the morning.

Chorus—

Hey, Johnnie Yach, are you wauken yet,
And are your traps a' shinin' yet ?—
If you are late, you're sure to get
The guardroom in the morning.

The bugle soonds upon the square,
The Sergeant-Major's already there ;
Wi' dirty shoon and unkemm'd hair,
Dinna gang to parade in the morning.

Brave young sodger, I love you weel,
I ha'e a heart to think and feel ;
But a young sodger late for drill
Is a sorry sicht in the morning.

And, oh, beware o' Spanish gin,
Sold in these dens o' filth an' sin ;
Be sober, an' strive hard to win
Sincere respect in the morning.

Strong drink's the cause o' a' the crime
Created in the British line ;
Abstain frae such, an' you will shine
A healthy lad in the morning.

Sodgers like you, ance young an' brave,
Now fill the drunkard's gloomy grave ;
Because to drink they were a slave
At night an' early morning.

Now, here's six things to bear in mind—
Be *truthful*, *honest*, *brave*, an' *kind*,
Vigilant, *sober*, an' you'll find
Yersel' a sergeant some morning.

MY PITHEAD LASSIE.

OH, ha'e you seen my chatty queen?
Wha sings so sweet an' mellow, O!
There's no' a queen like bonny Jean
In toon o' auld Lochgelly, O!—
In toon o' auld Lochgelly, O!
In toon o' auld Lochgelly, O!—
She is the flower amang them a',
Wha works upon the "Nellie," O!

I'll ha'e this lassie, sweet an' fair,
Though she has ne'er a guinea, O!
High-born dames can ne'er compare
Wi' my young handsome queenie, O!
Wi' my young handsome queenie, O!
Wi' my young handsome queenie, O!—
There's no' a flower on bank or bower
So fragrant as my Jeanie, O!

Hame frae her work she comes at e'en
Wi' spirits light an' cheery, O!
An' mak's her mammy's housie clean,
My bonny, weel-faured dearie, O!
My bonny, weel-faured dearie, O!
My bonny, weel-faured dearie, O!—
Lang Cowdenbeath and Little Raith
Hisna a lass so cheery, O!

My modest, couthie little Jean
Is gaun to leave the "Nellie," O!
An' at my side she'll soon be seen
A braw wife in Lochgelly, O!
My Jeanie o' Lochgelly, O!
My queenie o' Lochgelly, O!—
The laddies roun' about the toon
Ca' me a lucky fellow, O!

AULD LANCHERHEAD.

AULD Lancherhead, auld Lancherhead,
It's fifty years an' mair
Since on thy brumley braes I roved,
When summer skies were fair.
Nae wonder that the tear should fa'
Doon frae my misty e'e,
When waverin' memory does reca'
Those bye-gane days to me.

I see the village worthies still,
Wha roved in days o' yore
Alang the broo o' Clune's green hill
To view the winding Orr;
An' I can hear auld Billy's voice,
Wha rang the evening bell—
He's sleeping near the tranquil scenes
In life he loved so well.

Dear Lancherhead, thy sunny braes,
I see them, bright an' fair;
Amang the scenes o' other days
I breathe the fragrant air.
The little birds sing on the tree,
The grass is waving green;
But, oh! how sad the change to me,
Where nae kent face is seen.

Auld Lancherhead, thy murmuring breeze
Is fraught wi' grief an' pain,
When I think on the joyous days
That ne'er will come again.
The gloomy shades o' gloamin' fa'
Upon my native hame ;
Life's early friends are now awa',
And left me here alane.

Auld Charlie's gane, wha used to play
The auld Scotch fiddle weel ;
I mind, when little laddies, we
Wud toddle at his heel.
His wee clay hoose, in ruins now,
Is roofless, cauld, an' bare ;
The silent bat an' hoolet mak'
Their gloomy dwellin' there.

An' now, when gray hairs croon my brow,
I love to muse an' sing
O' early friends a' vanished now
Frae where I spent life's spring.
Auld Lancherhead, auld Lancherhead,
Few summer suns can shine
Ere I repose amang the dead—
Dear friends o' auld langsyne.

BURNS' BIRTHDAY, 1879.

YE men o' bonny Scotland's Isle,
Wha roam by Tweed an' Clyde,
Maun ken that we admire the bard
Wha sang by Afton's side.
If y' but heard our voices now
In this braw foreign clime,
You'd cock your ears, erect your brow,
To hear us sing "Langsyne."

Chorus—

For auld langsyne, my frien's,
For auld langsyne;
We'll sing the sangs o' Scotland yet,
Though in a foreign clime.

I've stood by Ganges' yellow tide
Upon a Januar' morn,
Far frae the bonny land I love—
The land where Rab was born.
An' 'mang a hundred Scotchmen there
I've raised this voice o' mine,
Until re-echoed through the air
That glorious sang, "Langsyne."

Whare'er a Scotchman's feet may roam,
His heart aye fondly turns
Back to his bonny, tranquil home,
His country, and his Burns.
His memory will wander back
To where sweet voices, fine,
Are singing roon' a Scotch hearthstane,
That sang o' sangs—"Langsyne."

Go, roam the world thro' an' thro',
Traverse a' foreign plains,
An' there you'll find some Scotchman true,
Singin' his canty strains.
Last New Year's morn my glad ears heard
That dear sang sung sublime;
Oh! heart-felt sang o' our dear bard—
The Scotchman's sang, "Langsyne."

THE SEVENTY-AN'-ONE.

FROM the Grenadier Guards to the Hundred-and-Nine,
Distinguished regiments that form the line—
I challenge ye a' to show me, if you can,
A braver corps than the Seventy-an'-One.

Chorus—

Then hurrah ! hurrah ! for our country an' Queen,
We're ready to fight when a foe 's to be seen ;
Our gallant corps, boys, stands second to none—
Let's shout high the deeds o' the Seventy-an'-One.

Go, search its auld records, they prominently tell
How the Glasco' heroes both fought and fell ;
The Crimean plains an' wide Hindostan
Resound wi' the deeds o' the Seventy-an'-One.

On mony a sanguinary field in Spain
The Seventy-an'-One did bright laurels gain ;
On the slopes o' Vittoria, the gallant Cadogan
Fell gloriously leading the Seventy-an'-One.

But time wud fail me, dear boys, to tell
The deeds o' the corps we a' love so well ;
Wha carried the day at Seringapatam ?—
History exclaims, 'Twas the Seventy-an'-One.

In the year eighteen hundred an' sixty-three
The Seventy-One were where the gallant should be ;
In storming the Craig Picket, wha led the van ?—
'Twas Colonel Hope wi' his Seventy-an'-One.

Now let us, brave comrades, fill high the glass,
In memory o' those wha fell in the Pass ;
Although they are sleeping in Hutti-mor-dan,
Their memory is green in the Seventy-an'-One.

A CANTY GLASS.

WHEN I'm oppressed wi' care an' grief,
An' feel life's lot so dreary,
A canty glass gi'es me relief,
An' mak's me blithe an' cheery.

Chorus—

Then fill your glasses, drink to the lasses,
The dear sweet flowers o' creation ;
We a' ken weel a bonny wee lass
Is the pride o' our dear nation.

Abstainers in these modern days
May think they're free an' happy ;
I never felt life's pleasant ways
Except when o'er the drappy.

Then fill your glasses, &c.

Awa', ye very unsocial crew,
Your principles I scorn ;
We Scotchmen find a friend aye true
In auld John Barleycorn.

Then fill your glasses, &c.

Though thus we sing, we don't abuse
The drink which mak's us frisky;
But he's a fool wha wud refuse
A glass o' real Scotch whisky.

Then fill your glasses, &c.

Then tak' your dram where'er you pass,
Whether on land or ocean;
To the soul-enlivenin' glass
Aye cling wi' fond devotion.

Then fill your glasses, &c.

THE MELODIES O' HAME.

I'VE wander'd thro' this world noo
Some thirty years an' mair,
An' heard the sangs o' foreign lan's
Float on the balmy air ;
But, oh, hoo cauld an' spiritless,
Unmeanin', poor, an' tame—
They dinna touch the true Scotch heart
Like melodies o' hame.

Chorus—

The melodies o' hame,
The melodies o' hame,
There's nae sangs like our ain sangs,
The melodies o' hame.

I've been enraptured wi' the sangs
O' Erin's lovely plains,
As I should be when listenin' to
Her maist delightfu' strains ;
But though they're sweet and tender,
Even them I canna name
Amang our bonny heart-felt sangs,
The melodies o' hame.

Oh, sweet Scotch sangs, ye bring to me
A glimpse o' early days,
A vision o' the sunny past—
My smiling native braes,
Whare I roamed in by-gone years
Wi' the lassie o' Torbain,
An' made the vales re-echo wi'
The melodies o' hame.

'Mang gorgeous scenes I've stood
In the calm an' silent night,
When a' the world was sleeping,
An' wee stars peeping bright.
In fancy then I'd wander
Back to the auld hearthstane,
An' hear my mither sing ance mair
The melodies o' hame.

Awa' whare mighty Ganges
Does roll his yellow tide ;
Awa' where western rivers
Through majestic forests glide—
There you'll find Auld Scotia's sons
Spreadin' their country's fame,
By singing our undying sangs,
The melodies o' hame.

NORA KILLEEN.

A WINSOME sweet fairy is Nora Killeen,
A lass light an' airy is Nora Killeen,
Nae rose o' the simmer so sweet as the kimmer—
Sae, gallants, beware o' young Nora Killeen.

That snuffy auld body, the Laird o' Pinmore,
Whase years maun now number near auchty-an'-four,
Said he felt o' the vigour o' sweet seventeen
When he gazed on the charms o' Nora Killeen.

Last Sabbath the priest had his nerves a' unstrung,
He gave out his text as a psalm to be sung—
When mounting the pulpit his auld eyes had seen
The enrapturing beauty o' Nora Killeen.

The doctor, the lawyer, the banker, and joiner,
The bailie, the draper, the baker, and miner,
Inside a lunatic asylum have been,
A' caused through the beauty o' Nora Killeen.

But ten o' her lovers have gone to the sea,
While some mair are sleeping beneath the green lea ;
Still thro' the hale village saut tears frae the een
Are copiously flowing for Nora Killeen.

But Nora has married big Fagan O'Neal,
A dealer in tatties, pork, ham, and oatmeal ;
Now ahint his auld counter, wi' apron sae clean,
Stands the heart-ensnarin' young Nora Killeen.

TEENIE BAIN.

LET Cowdenbeath blaw o' her lasses sae braw,
Wi' their red cheeks like roses in June;
They a' maun gi'e place to the sweet modest grace
O' my Teenie in Lochgelly toon.
She sings like a lark round my cheery hearthstane,
Her heart is confidin' an' warm;
She lichtens my care, an' my sorrows she shares,
In this vale o' sunshine an' storm.

This canty, this bonny, sweet wifie o' mine
Is a radiant sun in my hame;
The blink o' her e'e gi'es me pleasures sublime—
Oh, there's nae wife like sweet Teenie Bain.
Now I whistle an' sing, because I ha'e won
A bright lassie wha mak's me her care;
There's nae toon in Fife that can show such a wife
As my Teenie, sae thrifty an' fair.

When hame frae my wark in the gloamin' I come
To my housie, sae tidy an' nice;
What a heaven o' bliss to get a sweet kiss
In the fauld o' our ain paradise.
Her bright, sunny smile drives awa' care an' gloom—
Nae wonder I'm fond o' my queenie;
I've nae cause to wish for the peace o' the tomb
While blest wi' the smiles o' my Teenie.

THE BANKS O' CLUNE.

I'VE mused upon Benarty's hill
When Nature's sweets were singin',
And toddled oft by Inchga' Mill
When bonny flowers were springin' ;
An' I ha'e roved thro' Colin's crags,
Her glens an' lovely rills,
An' mony a pleasant day I've spent
Upon the Torry hills.

Aboon them a' I lo'e the Clune—
That spot 's aye dear to me ;
For there I spent life's sunny day
In wandering o'er thy lea.
Doon by the bonny Butter Well
I sat in days o' yore,
When the shadows o' gloamin' fell
Upon dear winding Orr.

I see Clune Babby's ivy cot
Upon the rosy broo ;
But she is dead an' a' forgot—
The auld cot's lonely noo.
Clune Babby's gane to that far land
Frae whence she'll ne'er return
Again to roam upon the braes,
Or muse alang the burn.

The Clune, the Clune, I lo'e the Clune—
Bright spot, I lo'e thee well ;
Oh, when my weary days are dune,
Lay me in yon calm dell—
Lay me in yonder flowery glen,
Beneath the hazel tree,
Far frae the haunts o' wicked men
And drunken revelry.

MARY, THE FLOWER O' FERMOY.

THE Tipperary mountains are shrouded in gloom,
An' wintry winds rave down the glen o' Fermoy ;
While mournfully I lie, in my cauld barrack-room,
Lamenting the loss o' my heart's pride an' joy.
Gae, range through this world o' beauty an' grandeur—
Seek sweet, foreign lasses where silver streams rin ;
Your dark orient maids, wi' their riches an' splendour,
Want the artless beauty o' young Mary Quin.

The lark, he can sing in the blue sky sae cheery—
The lambkins can gambol an' sport on the lea ;
But sorrow maun reign in my bosom sae dreary,
Since the flower o' Fermoy has flown frae me.
The beauty o' simmer can yield me nae pleasure ;
Nane kens o' the anguish that's now dwellin' in
My lonely heart, sin' I've lost my sweet treasure—
The flower o' Fermoy, my young Mary Quin.

Her beauteous form is gracefu' an' slender,
And bright is the glance o' her love-laughing e'e ;
But, oh, her kind words, sae melodious an' tender,
Are gi'en to another, mair favoured than me.
But though I should mingle in scenes o' commotion,
An' win a high name in the battle's wild din—
Enshrined in my soul be the purest devotion
For the flower o' Fermoy, my young Mary Quin.

THE LASS O' CUPARHA'.

I'VE seen the sweet maidens o' Erin an' Spain,
Forbye other lassies far owre the dark main ;
But though they are a' baith winsome an' braw,
They're no' like the lassie o' auld Cuparha'.

I've sat where the Ganges does murmur alang
The banks where re-echo the Hindoo maid's song ;
Even there, my lone thoughts wud wander awa'
To the bonny sweet lassie o' auld Cuparha'.

Your ladies, wha spring frae the great names o' earth
May look wi' contempt on a plebeian's birth ;
But the fairest damsel the Peerage e'er saw
Cudna' shine wi' the lassie o' auld Cuparha'.

Your high-born beauties are seldom sincere—
Their love lies in titles, wi' thousands a-year ;
But cornets an' wealth wudna' change her ava
Wha blooms in her beauty in auld Cuparha'.

Her heart is my ain, she is constant an' true,
Sae, gallant young callants, I carena for you ;
Owre conquests o' beauty you brag an' you blaw,
You'll ne'er win the lassie o' auld Cuparha'.

She is honest an' kind, sweet, modest, an' fair,
The flower o' the village—I'll tell you nae mair ;
But soon I'll return frae lands far awa',
An' claim the dear lassie o' auld Cuparha'.

MAGGIE KIPPEN.

LET those wha like sing in the praise
O' foreign dames so braw ;
The subject o' my simple lays
Does far outshine them a'.
Across life's wild an' stormy sea
My barque wi' her I'd lippen ;
There's nane on earth so dear to me
As my sweet Maggie Kippen.

She's kindly, couthie, bright, and fair,
Which ony ane can see
Wha likes to watch her modest air
An' bonny laughin' e'e.
Let thoughtless laddies laugh an' stare
When owre the green we're skippin' ;
You winna find anither pair
Like me an' Maggie Kippen.

I like to sing in lassies' praise,
As Burns did langsyne,
Although like him I canna raise
A sang so sweet an' fine ;
But I ken weel, had Robbie seen
Her through Lochgelly trippin',
He'd match'd her wi' his bonny Jean—
My ain dear Maggie Kippen.

THE FLOWER O' BALGEDIE.

ALTHOUGH I ha'e wander'd in lands fair an' bonny,
An' seen comely maidens beyont the dark main;
Yet 'mang foreign flowers I never saw ony
To match wi' my lassie, young Elsie M'Lean.

She is sweet as the morn when wee birds are singing,
An' pure as the dew-draps that lie on the plain;
You'll no' find a sweet flower in garden bower springing
That can be compared wi' young Elsie M'Lean.

Had I just been twenty, an' aye in my glory,
I then might have hoped her affections to gain;
But though I am auld, gray, wizened, and hoary,
A sang I maun sing to young Elsie M'Lean.

There canna be ane in the hale o' creation
That wud try her pure reputation to stain;
May she aye be kept frae the contamination
O' villains wha wud injure young Elsie M'Lean.

May heaven smile o'er thee, my sweet dark-eyed maiden—
Thy heart be a stranger to sorrow an' pain;
Nae black clouds o' life mak' thy heart heavy-laden,
Thou flower o' Balgedie, young Elsie M'Lean.

Oh, may the sweet sunshine o' love an' o' gladness
Illumine thy young heart o'er life's gloomy main,
Wi' nae trials nor cares to fill thee wi' sadness,
Thou flower o' Balgedie, young Elsie M'Lean.

FAREWELL TO LOCHGELLY.

(Air—"Roy's Wife.")

FARE thee well, my dear Lochgelly,
Fare thee well, my dear Lochgelly,
I maun leave thy bonny braes
And cross the raging foamy billow.

When far awa' in India's clime,
Where the orange groves bloom yellow,
I'll think o' bonny days langsyne,
And loving friends in dear Lochgelly.

When far upon a foreign shore,
Wi' my spirits lone an' dreary,
My thoughts will flee to scenes o' yore,
When often I was blithe and cheery.

Fare thee well, my friends so dear,
May your days be bright an' mony ;
Fare thee well, my heart is sweer
To leave thy lasses, sweet an' bonny.

May health and plenty bless the place
Where ance I roved a thoughtless fellow ;
The tears are trickling doon my face—
Oh, fare thee well, my dear Lochgelly.

My love to all I leave behind ;
'Tis hard to tear my soul asunder
Frae mony friends wha proved so kind
To the rantin' poet, Pindar.

MY AIN DEAR WIFE.

DO ye mind the happy days langsyne,
When you, a country maid,
First vowed an' promised to be mine
In Pirnie's hazel shade?
Now mony fleeting years we've seen
Since first I did admire
Your guileless heart an' witching een,
My cheery wife, Dunsire.

Though forty years ha'e pass'd since you
Became my loving wife,
You've been to me affectionate, true,
The pleasure o' my life.
For, to secure the world's wealth,
We never did aspire;
Content, while God hath gi'en us health,
My modest wife, Dunsire.

Throughout our lengthened pilgrimage,
The tear has filled our e'e;
But a'e our trust's in Him wha rules
The earth, the sky, an' sea.
We've aye a dud our backs to cleed—
A pantry, house, and fire;
There's little mair in life we need,
My coothie wife, Dunsire.

We've twa braw sons at our hearthstane,
An' ane far owre the sea ;
While twa bit lasses bless our hame,
On Fifeshire's pleasant lea.
Twa wee pet lambs frae us are gane
To join the angel choir ;
We'll meet them in the fold aboon,
My bosom wife, Dunsire.

Although upon life's troubled sea
We sair an' hard ha'e fought ;
We aye ha'e been contented wi'
Our present humble lot.
Soon frae this lowly vale o' life
We'll rise to worlds higher,
Oh, never mair we'll part when there,
My bosom wife, Dunsire.

TEENIE WAUKINSHAW.

BRAG o' your fact'ry lasses braw,
Wi' smiles so sweet an' fine ;
But nane o' them can match ava
This bonny lass o' mine.
My dear lass is young an' bonny,
An' fair without a flaw ;
Here aboot you'll no' find ony
Like Teenie Waukinshaw.

Her pure sweet heart is free frae guile,
The fragrance o' her breath
Does mak' the bonny flowers to smile
Alang the verdant heath.
Your noble-born dames wud frown
On such a lass as she ;
She's mair to me than Britain's crown—
The pithead lass for me.

When frae her wark she comes at nicht,
Wi' bright smiles in her e'e,
She mak's her mammy's labour licht
By working frank an' free.
The wet pit claes afore the fire,
She lays them in a raw ;
Nae wonder that I do admire
My Teenie Waukinshaw.

I dinna think I'd gang far wrang
To mak' the lassie mine;
The lass that works and sings a sang
Will mak' her hoosie shine.
If she wud only say the word,
I'd dance, an' sing, an' craw,
An' draw ance mair my guid auld sword
For Teenie Waukinshaw.

A KISS.

INEXPRESSIBLY pure and sweet
Is a delicious kiss,
A very heaven of love on earth,
A paradise of bliss.
To press a maiden to thy breast
And kiss her lips divine,
'Tis only then that man is blest
With happiness sublime.

MY AULD COMPANIONS.

A GUID New Year, my comrades dear,
And happy be you ane an' a' ;
This night we are assembled here
To crack o'er days now far awa'—
The bright and happy days o' yore,
When we were young and in our prime,
And members o' that gallant corps,
The bravest in the British line.

Fond memory brings before my gaze
Familiar scenes o' auld langsyne,
When marching up the orient braes
Awa' in India's sunny clime.
Wi' you this night I'm glad to join,
An' shake hands wi' you ane an' a' ;
May happiness around you shine
When frae you I am far awa'.

God bless you a' an' keep you weel,
Companions o' my martial days ;
Nae words can tell you what I feel,
Though I should write a thousand lays.
But while I've health an' strength to raise
In simple song this voice o' mine,
Our Regiment's deeds I'll ever praise—
Our happy hame in days langsyne.

An' you, dear sir,* we love to see,
An' hear your weel-kent voice again ;
You led us up Umbeyla's hill
To honour, victory, an' fame.
But though our sun's in life's decline,
An' gloamin' shades aroond us fa',
We'll aye remember auld langsyne,
An' happy days now far awa'.

* General Hope, C. B.

PRIVATE THOMSON'S CHRISTMAS RESOLUTION.

I, PRIVATE SANDY THOMSON, swear
That I'll abstain till next New Year
From drinking whisky, gin, or beer,
Brandy, rum, or wine.
Should I this resolution break,
And my fair promise gang to wreck,
Let Marwood hing me by the neck
In twenty yards o' twine !

Malta, 1874.

IN MEMORIAM—HENRY HUNTER,

WHO DIED AT LOCHGELLY, 18TH SEPTEMBER 1876,
AGED 40 YEARS.

"And art thou gone, and gone for ever."—*Burns.*

MY loving friend, and thou art gone
Into the sunless land ;
While I am far from thee and home,
Upon a Southern strand.
Though many years have passed away
Since I beheld thy face,
It seems to me but yesterday
We wander'd thro' the place.

Friend of my youth, I'm far away,
Beyond the rolling wave ;
But my sad thoughts have gone to-day
Home to thy lonely grave.
Thou've found a grave 'mong kindred dust—
Affection's tear was shed,
When thy mourning friends stood round
Thy last low narrow bed.

Companion of life's pleasant hours—
Bright friend of other days—
No more we'll pull the summer flowers
Upon Benarty's braes ;
No more we'll rove o'er heathery hills,
When falls the evening dew ;
No more by Scotia's winding rills
I'll roam, dear friend, with you.

My loving friend, thy memory
Shall bright to me appear;
Thou'lt live in friendship's hallowed thought—
Affection's balmy tear.
Thy early death hath filled my mind
With melancholy's gloom;
But oh, dear friend, I hope to find,
Like thee, a Scottish tomb.

Sleep on, my friend, and take thy rest
In a quiet Scottish grave;
While I must ride, with grief oppressed,
O'er life's tempestuous wave.
My bosom friend, we'll meet again
Beyond the rolling spheres
No more to part—Farewell, till then,
Dear friend of early years!

Malta, 1876.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

YOUNG mother, dry thy tears and weep no more,
Thy child's not dead, but gone before;
The little child thou loved so well,
In sinless Paradise doth dwell.

He glanced at earth, then passed away
To blissful realms of endless day;
Look up from earth to heaven, where
Thy little one sits bright and fair.

MY AULD KNAPSACK.

GUID frien' you've been to me, auld pack,
Nae mair you'll dingle on my back ;
But let us ha'e a parting crack,
For my heart's fou
Wi' grief an' sorrow noo to tak'
Farewell o' you.

'Tis noo eleven years an' mair—
Lang years to me o' joy an' care—
Sin' you an' I together were
Acquainted first ;
An' though you've made my lang back sair,
I never cursed.

You've kept my auld kit weel thegither
In sunny an' in stormy weather,
An' a' the letters frae my brither
That I ha'e gotten ;
Forbye the Bible frae my mither—
A sweet love token.

I've had you stowed so full o' shoes,
Stockings, tow'ls, an' tartan trews,
Besides a year o' "People's News,"
Which made you heavy ;
You've made the sweat rin owre my broos
Like draps o' gravy.

When wandering India's sunny clime,
'Mong grandeur stern and sublime,
At night my head wud oft recline
Upon your tap,
Where I've enjoyed a sweet, bit, fine,
Refreshing nap.

Yon day you fell in Ganges river
I thought to tine you a' thegither,
When auld Forsyth, smart an' clever,
Rescued you clean
As you were sailing like a feather
Adoon the stream.

'Twas only ance that I can mind
That you, auld pack, was left behind,
When in a gloomy store you pined
For saxty days,
While I was fighting Pagans blind
On Punjaub's braes.

Four times we've crossed the Southern main,
And traversed mony a fragrant plain,
An' noo we've come abroad again,
Alas! to part;
To leave you on the soil o' Spain
Will break my heart.

If your successor chance to be,
Just like yoursel', a frien' to me,
Perhaps we'll whiles in social glee
Enjoy a crack ;
But I'll remember till I dee
My auld knapsack.

LOCHGELLY NO MORE—1858.

FARWEEL to Lochgelly, where happy I've been ;
Fareweel, my dear mither, o' you I will dream ;
For now I maun gang to a far distant shore,
And I'll maybe return to Lochgelly no more.

Oh, mither, dear mither, if I had but known,
I'd been kinder to you in the days that are gone ;
An' have had less sorrow for what I ha'e done,
For to you, dearest mither, I've been a bad son.

Fareweel, my auld father, I oft did you wrong,
But love in my bosom for you it is strong ;
I hope we shall meet on a happier shore,
Although I return to Lochgelly no more.

Fareweel, my dear brothers, and sisters, so gay,
My love with you all, for I must away
To India's drear plains, where cannons do roar,
And I'll maybe return to Lochgelly no more.

Dear Harry and Johnnie, I hope you'll engage
To comfort our dear parents in their old age ;
Oh, be kind to them both, and do what you can
For Davie, for Aggie—oh ! mind little Ann.

Fareweel, my dear country, my own lovely land—
Fareweel to thy mountains and valleys so grand,
Fareweel to thy rivers and shell-spangled shore—
I'll maybe return to Lochgelly no more.

Fareweel to thy green plains and bonny cool shades,
That often have sheltered our lovely Scotch maids ;
Fareweel to the thistle, which I do adore –
I'll maybe return to Lochgelly no more.

LOCHGELLY AGAIN—1879.

OH, mony lang years o'er my Scotch pow have gane
Since I left you a' in our dear Scottish hame,
To wander in India, beyond the wild main ;
But now I've returned to Lochgelly again.

Again I can gaze on my bright native hills,
And list to the flow of her murmuring rills,
And wander ance mair by bank, dell, and plain,
Since now I've returned to Lochgelly again.

The days o' childhood are now gone for ever,
Our barque's sailing fast down life's stormy river ;
My heart at this moment is free frae a' pain,
Since now I've returned to Lochgelly again.

It is not the flow o' the glass passing round
That cheers me in seeing my dear native ground ;
'Tis your sunshiny faces that mak' my heart fain,
Since now I've returned to Lochgelly again.

Sit near me, my dear friends, and let us a' sing
A sang o' langsyne till the cupples do ring ;
Freedom and pleasure this ae night maun reign,
Since now I've returned to Lochgelly again.